



THE DEPOSITIONS

Of the Ever-Memorable

Dr. TITUS OATES,

Against the Reverend

Mr. ADAM ELLIOT,

A Minister of the Church of *ENGLAND*,

Whom he falsely accus'd on Oath, of being a JESUIT,
and a Circumcis'd MAHOMETAN.

With an Account of the Doctor's TRIAL and CONVICTION
for DEFAMATION, at the Suit of the said Mr. ELLIOT:

Proving the Doctor wilfully forsworn in several Instances.

A Piece Necessary to be bound up with the STATE TRIALS, and to be perus'd by all who would have a just Notion of several of the dark Transactions of that Time; and of that famous Doctor's Abilities as an Evidence; and which having been a principal Occasion of exposing his Wickedness, and bringing on his Prosecution for Perjury, some Years after, is proper to precede his Trial in Vol. IV. of that Collection.

To which is occasionally added, as necessary to justify the Author's Life and Character,

A summary, but instructive Account of his being taken Captive by the Rovers of *Salle*; of their Usage of their Prisoners, as well on Ship-board as on Land; a Description of the Country; together with the Author's Hardships, and wonderful Escape, &c.

The Whole written by the Author himself; and first publish'd by him
in the Year 1682.



L O N D O N:

Printed for G. STRAHAN, at the *Golden-Ball*, over-against the *Royal-Exchange*. M.DCC.XXXI.

THE
DEPOSITIONS

Of the River-Masters

DEPOSITIONS

As taken by the

MAGISTRATES

A. D. 1811

W. H. L. 1811

and

1812

1813

1814



P R E F A C E.



THE following Sheets, publish'd by the Author Mr. ADAM ELLIOT, near the Time of the TRIAL which he had with the noted Dr. TITUS OATES, and some Years before the Doctor's Trial and Conviction for Perjury, are material and curious enough to deserve a Place in the Collection of State Trials lately publish'd: Being very proper to embellish the Character and surprizing Abilities of that unparallel'd Evidence, who, for many Years together, made so much Noise in the British World; as well as to illustrate several Circumstances of the Affairs that pass'd thro' the renowned Doctor's Hands at that Time.

Nor is it to be doubted, but that a Piece so useful to the Design of those Volumes, would have had that Distinction, as well for the Nature of the Subject, (containing in it an Account of a Trial as remarkable as many that have a Place in that Collection) as for the intimate Relation it has to some of the Trials of those Times, which take up so large a Place in those Volumes. But there were some Reasons that hinder'd the present Publisher from proposing it to some of the Managers of the last Edition: Yet nevertheless, he thinks it may be very acceptable to the Curious, to print it in such a Manner, as may make it fit to be bound up with the other Pieces relating to the Affairs of those Times; and accordingly it is recommended to be prefix'd to the Fourth Volume of the State Trials, immediately before the Trial of Dr. Titus Oates for Perjury; and it is paged in small Numerals, i, ii, iii, &c. that it may not interfere with the Folio's of that Volume: And this is still the more suitable Place for it, because the Doctor's unprecedented Villainies are so plainly prov'd in this Piece, that it was deem'd a leading Card to a farther Enquiry into the Nature of the Evidence he gave on other Occasions, and no small Inducement for endeavouring to detect him in his preceding Perjuries.

Thus much with Relation to its Fitness to be inserted in the Collection of State Trials. But with Regard to the Public in general, there is a farther Reason, why this Piece ought to be preserved; which is, that it contains a curious, tho' summary Account, of the Behaviour of the Corsairs of Salle to the miserable Wretches who fall into their Hands; of the Treatment such Persons meet with from their barbarous Purchasers; of the Country about that Coast; and of the Author's Captivity, Hardships; and wonderful Escape from thence: which we are persuaded will excite the Attention of the Curious.

The Reader will observe, that the Whole is related with an Air of Simplicity that is not to be suspected, even if it did not of itself, in some signal Instances, carry with it sufficient Testimonies of the Author's Integrity; such, in particular, is the Arrival of his cruel Patron Haggi Hamed Lucas in England, as Secretary to the Moorish Ambassy, who confirm'd the Truth of the whole Relation to as many Noblemen and Gentlemen as were inquisitive about it; and the Piece being publish'd at the same Time, which had then a very great Run, is a sufficient Proof of its Veracity.

If

P R E F A C E.

If the Author expresses himself here and there with some Warmth and Asperity against his Accuser, it ought to be considered, that he had very great Provocations so to do: And this Piece will meet with very few Readers that would be more dispassionate in so affecting a Case as his was. However, it will be perceived, at the same Time, that he has enliven'd the dark and gloomy Subject with an Ironical Turn, that few would have found their Minds unimbitter'd enough so well to have succeeded in.

The Publisher has thought proper to prefix the Doctor's Picture, in the most proper and most becoming Station that ever he fill'd; and whoever beholds that remarkable steady Face, which was not to be put out of Countenance by any Considerations of Honour or Conscience, and can remember (as many who are living can) the great Resemblance it bore to the Person, will be pleas'd to find him so truly and so aptly pourtray'd.

We shall only add, That as we have thought it necessary to our present Design in the Republication of this Piece, to alter the Title Page, so it will be proper to give here the Title under which it was originally publish'd by the Author, with the suitable Motto's he affix'd thereto; viz.

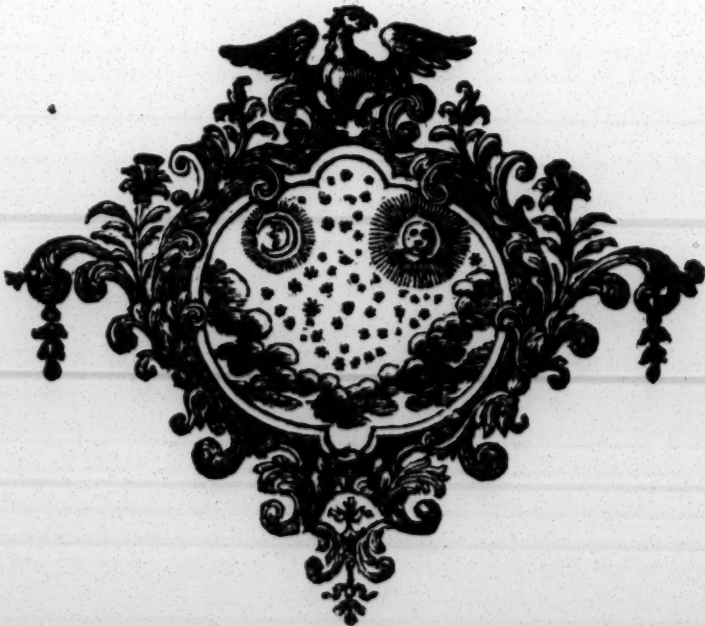
A MODEST VINDICATION of TITUS OATES, the Salamanca-Doctor, from PERJURY: Or, An ESSAY to Demonstrate Him only Forsworn in several Instances. By ADAM ELLIOT, Master of Arts, and a Priest of the Church of England.

Deliver my Soul, O Lord, from lying Lips, and from a deceitful Tongue. What Reward shall be given, or done unto thee, thou false Tongue? even mighty and sharp Arrows, with hot burning Coals. Psal. cxx.

*Hic putat esse Deos & pejerat: aspice quanta
Voce neget, quæ sit ficti constantia vultus;
Tam facile & pronum est superos contemnere testes:
Aut nullo credit mundum rectore moveri,
Atque ideo intrepidus quæcunque Altaria tangit.*

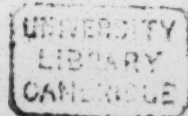
Juv. Sat. xiii.

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Cornhill. 1682.





*A Modest VINDICATION of TITUS OATES
from PERJURY, Proving him only FORSWORN in
several Instances.*



The INTRODUCTION.



THE most notorious *Salamanca-Doctor, Titus Oates*, after having signaliz'd his prodigious Parts, by the Destruction of several eminent Persons, and hazard-
ing the Lives of God knows how many more; after having miraculously sav'd his Majesty's Person from Poyson, screw'd Guns, and consecrated Daggers, and freed three Nations from imminent Ruin; after having defeated the Designs of *Rome*, and the Plots of the greatest Politicians in the World, though they had been hatching these 100 Years past; and all this by meer *Buke-blowing*, and, to the Astonishment of the whole Christian World, by *the Breath of his Mouth*; was at last put upon it, to try an Experiment or two to *fix Property*, which by wise Heads (that is, by Needy or Covetous Persons, who wanted Bishops or Crown-Lands) was thought to be in equal Danger with our Religion. For if, for Example, he could swear a Friend to the Cause into the Right of Forty or Fifty thousand Pounds, (which the Law it seems was so scrupulous in, as not to understand;) then *true Protestants* might have a compendious and infallible Way to secure their Property against the Encroachments of whatsoever Arbitrary, that is, Legal Power. In order to effect this wonderful Project, he was pleas'd unhappily both for himself and me, (at the Instigation of what LORD or Devil the LORD knows) to bestow a *Cast of his Office*, on a Friend who shall be nameless, and to stoop an Oath or two at his Service, against so mean a Person as myself; not only engaging his *Verbum Sacerdotis* in several Companies, yea, even where Men ought to be very serious, before the King; but also swearing, invoking the Sacred Majesty of God, who will one Day call him to Account for it, to witness to the Truth, when he asserted, that I was a *Mahometan*, and had been thereupon Circumcised; and that also I was a *Popish Priest*, having received Orders from the See of *Rome*: By the former Charge making me unworthy of Credit or Reputation, incapable of the Advantages of Converse amongst Christians; and by the latter, the milder indeed of the two, aiming only at my Life, which as being a *Popish Priest*, is forfeited to the Law. I must indeed confess, of

all kinds of Deaths, I have the least Fondness to be hang'd, and I hate mortally that the butcherly Executioner should be rummaging amongst my Entrails; neither can I apprehend any Pleasure in being drawn up *Holbourn-Hill* upon a Hurdle; therefore it was, that I had no mind to appear either a *Renegado*, or a *Popish Priest*; and I thought myself obliged, both by the Laws of God and Man, to preserve my Life as long as I could, and to vindicate my Reputation from Infamy, and assert my just and honest Title to the Comforts of human Society, and that I have no ways deserved to be proscrib'd the Communication of Christians.

To this Purpose I made my Application to the Law for Satisfaction, and had the Doctor Arrested in an Action of the Case, for Defamation. The Cause was tried before the Right Honourable Sir *Francis North*, Lord Chief Justice of his Majesty's Court of *Common-Pleas*, *June* the 30th last past; where the Issue went upon my Side, and the Jury brought the Doctor in Guilty, allowing me 20 *l.* Damages; which small Sum, though by many it was look'd upon as very inconsiderable and disproportionate to the Damages wherewith the Doctor had affected both my Reputation and my Purse; yet by another Party, it was look'd upon with a fore Eye, to see their *Goliath* (who had for some time past, hector'd and swore for the Cause) foil'd, if not knock'd down by so mean a Person as myself. They admir'd my Insolence, in offering to defend my Life, when the Doctor was pleas'd to swear it from me; they inveighed against me, as a narrow, selfish Soul, far from a publick Spirit, who would not rather be hang'd, than the Doctor's Veracity should be liable to any Suspicion; a Man who had *laid himself out*, and ventur'd *All* for the Good of the Nation; yea, who is *the Saviour of the Nation*, said prudent *Sher. Pilk.* Notwithstanding all which, I cannot but be of this Faith, that it is more convenient for me, that the Doctor should swing than I; as for his *All* that he has ventur'd, I never heard of any thing he had to venture, unless his *All*, *i. e.* his Soul, which to my Knowledge is deeply engaged. And as for his being stil'd the *Saviour of the Nation*, it is *Scandalum Magnatum* in the highest Degree:

The Title is most arrogant, and intimates a Blasphemous Relation to the *Saviour of the World*; a most odious Comparison 'twixt the Merits of our Saviour *Jesus Christ*, and those of *Titus Oates*; for which there cannot be the least Reason or Foundation of Analogy; unless that as it was judg'd necessary (notwithstanding *Oates* preached to the contrary) that our *Saviour* should be crucified, that the World might be saved; so it should be thought convenient, that *Oates* might be hang'd, that so our Nation perish not: Then, indeed, he might sustain some Relation, even the same that the Blasphemous Thief had to our Saviour when he was on the Cross, and in some Sense he might be call'd the *Saviour of our Nation*; but otherwise the Title is intolerable, and he must first be hang'd, before, by any Propriety of Speech, it can agree to him.

There is a Party of Men, I say, who finding what an intractable, morose, uncomplaisant Humour I am of, and that by refusing to be accounted a *Popish Priest*, or a *Circumcised Mahometan*, the Doctor has fallen under a shrewd Suspicion of Perjury, and may in time put in his Claim to the Pillory, though with the Forfeit of his Ears: Therefore it is, that they have us'd all base, unworthy Arts to blacken my Reputation: and seeing it was manifestly proved in Court, that the Doctor had frequently uttered those scandalous Words, which tended to my Defamation, they give out now, that I was the first Author of them myself; and what the Doctor said or swore concerning me, was only what he heard me say of myself; thus endeavouring to affix as notorious a Mark of Folly to my Name, as before he would of Villainy. Therefore to answer the Importunity of my Friends, and to disabuse any, who may be deluded by the malicious Calumnies of my nettled Adversaries, I have adventured to put Pen to Paper, to give a full and clear Account of the Proceedings 'twixt the Doctor and myself; which will consist in these following Particulars.

First, I shall faithfully set down, what the Doctor hath depos'd against me upon Oath, under his own Hand, at *Doctors Commons*, and what was prov'd in Court at our Trial by unexceptionable Witnesses, that he had said several Times against me, to the same Purpose with what he swore before.

In the Second Place, I shall give an Account of what was sworn in his Behalf, to mitigate Damages.

And, Thirdly, I shall give a short Narrative of my Travels, Captivity and Escape from Slavery in *Barbary*; which though it may seem foreign and impertinent to my Design, yet, because it is the Subject of the Doctor's Oaths, I cannot clearly without It, represent the Quality of *Them*; and besides, being a Recital of some rare Accidents, and almost miraculous Instances of the Providence of God in my Deliverance from a *Moorish* Captivity, I presume it will make some Compensation for the Impertinence which it seemingly carries to the Design of these Sheets.

Upon all which, I shall only make such Ani-

madversions as are pertinent and proper, and draw such Inferences as the Matter will rationally allow. And then I refer myself to the whole Nation as Judges, whether or no the Doctor has not only falsly and maliciously defam'd me, but likewise sworn that to be true, which in itself is false, and to his own Knowledge also.

Yet notwithstanding all this, I cannot see how it will follow that the Doctor is guilty of *Perjury*; for though in the *Court of Heaven*, and before God, *Perjury* and *false Swearing* be synonymous, yet none are esteemed guilty of *Perjury*, by the *Laws of this Land*, but who have been convicted of *swearing falsly* in a *Court of Record*. But the *Court of Delegates*, where *Oates's* Depositions against me were exhibited, being no such Court; therefore, according to the *Law-Phrase*, whatever I think in my Conscience (and I am sure he is *for-sworn*) yet I cannot say that the Doctor is *Perjur'd*, and consequently that the Pillory has never been adequate to the Doctor's high Merits. A wooden Ruff does not well become the *Saviour of the Nation*, with Modesty be it spoke, as I said before; I think a Halter would much better besit him: And really, before I should see the *Salamanca Doctor* treated, as they say poor *N. T.* was, I had much rather see him hang'd.

This *modest Vindication* of the Doctor, my grateful Sense of his merciful kind Temper to me, has commanded from me; for if the Doctor had pleased to have thought of me when He and Dr. *Tongue* were thinking together, he might easily have bestowed a small Commission upon his old *Acquaintance*; some little *Cross-bearer's* Place amongst the *Spanish Pilgrims*; or else if he had only made me a *Courier* 'twixt tall fair *Don John* and the four *Ruffians*; any such-like Employment, (and the Doctor has bestow'd abundance, and has much more in Store) would have consigned me to *Jack Ketch's* Disposol long ago; for it is very hard to prove a Negative. But now that he has only made me a *Mussulman*, *cujus Character est indelebilis*, he has given me a fair Opportunity of proving him a *for-sworn Lyar*: For which singular Kindness I cannot sufficiently profess my Obligations; and this is one Reason why I have undertook this *Modest Vindication*. Which Labour of mine, though it may seem to carry an oblique Design, only of gratifying my fond Humour to the Doctor, yet to considering Persons also I presume I shall be thought to have hereby contributed my Mite to the Publick, in exposing the Wickedness of a Wretch, whose Talent lies only in Swearing; for though I have undertook his Vindication, yet I intend it shall be with all Modesty, and such as shall not interfere with the Truth.

Tho' the Doctor has employ'd his swearing Faculty only to my particular Detriment, the meanest of the Church of *England*; and has forsworn himself to prejudice me; yet every Member thereof is concerned, since this publick Enemy has given broad Signs of his Inclinations to them all, as namely, when he said,

There

There were not above three Protestant Bishops in the Church of England, and that all the Clergy were tantivyng to Rome: As also in his Sermon at Woodstock, he deliver'd for true Doctrine, that the Presbyterians were the only Supporters of the Protestant Interest; and there is no question, but that when there shall come a House of Commons to pay him the 40,000 l. promised (as he says) by the last House who sat at Westminster, he has 40,000 Oaths at their Service. But now, by exposing him as forsworn, the Edge of his Swearing will for the future be rebated; for if it be the Dictate of Prudence, never to trust those who have but once been found to impose upon us, then certainly it is unaccountable Folly and Madness, to accept the Testimony of one who has ma-

nifestly forsworn himself, and in a manner proclaim'd to all the World, that he has no Dread of that God, who will revenge himself upon those who take his Name in Vain. For my own Part, though forty Plots were laid against me, I had rather venture them all, than rely upon a *Salamanca Doctor's* Oath; and if any thing staggers my Faith in the Belief of the 40,000 *Black Bills*, and other remarkable Passages in the Popish Plot, next to the Contradictions which occur; it is because a Villain of so plainly debauch'd and profligate a Conscience has concern'd himself in the Discovery. Which I have endeavour'd to make appear manifestly to others, as well as myself, from the following Sheets.



An Account of the Depositions of TITUS OATES against ADAM ELLIOT.



IT is very hard to conceive, that any Thing made after the Image of God, and endued with a reasonable Soul, (howsoever degenerated and corrupt) should affect Evil only for the Love of Evil, and covet Mischief for its own Sake; this is so great a Reproach, and casts such a dishonourable Reflection upon human Nature, that no Man can suppose such a Devil Incarnate: And therefore even TITUS OATES himself (though we should comply with the *Papists*, and believe all his Depositions to have been only the Result of his own wicked and mischievous Invention) had always the Hopes of Grandeur, and the importunate Solicitations of cunning, politick Heads, together with a Gratification to his Revenge, or some natural Inclination, to plead as an Acquittance from the Imputation of so diabolical a Temper. And really the *Jesuits* and *Benedictines* were very uncharitable to him, when he, poor Rogue! seem'd abandon'd by God and Man, and was forced to betake himself to the Devil and the *Jesuits* to get Bread, and not having the Fear of God before his Eyes, had no other Design to maintain himself in Life, but by conspiring the King's Death: For them first to turn him away ignominiously from St. Omer's, as an *indocible Blockhead*, that could never be brought to turn three Lines of *English* into tolerable *Latin*, and then to disown him here in London, notwithstanding he had a Patent (*Risum teneatis!*) from the Pope, to be admitted to their private Cabals; and in the next Place to oblige him, without Shoes and Stockings, to go a begging to the *Benedictines* in the *Savoy* for the Scraps of a Dinner; and then

for *Corker* and the rest, to bid the Maid shut the Door upon him; this is enough to make a Man so hungry as he was, to be very angry, and to swear too: so that considering the Doctor's Temper, the Satisfaction of his Revenge might be alledged as some kind of Excuse to qualify the Malignity of his Oaths against these People. But, probably, the Reader's Curiosity is excited to the Enquiry upon what Occasion, Motive or Provocation, the wicked Doctor (supposing the Falsity of his Depositions) was induced to swear so maliciously against Me: For Satisfaction thereto, he must know, that *Charles Lord North and Grey*, was the sole and only Occasion of Oates's swearing against me; it was to oblige this Noble Lord (for whose Interest it was thought necessary to have me disesteem'd, and put out of Capacity and Credit) the cursed Doctor pawn'd his Soul, which will appear plainly to have been his Design, not only from the express Words of his own Depositions, but also from the said Lord's Acknowledgment upon his Oath, in Court at our Trial. But how this Noble Lord became so concerned to appear my Enemy, the Reader will understand from what follows.

William late Lord Grey of *Werk*, by his last Will and Testament, left to his Daughter *Katherine*, now Lady North, Two hundred Guineas as a Legacy, and his Son *Ralph*, afterwards Lord Grey, he appointed sole Executor of his Will: by Deed having settled his Estate upon his Grandson *Ford*, the present Lord Grey of *Werk*. This was a very great Disappointment to the Lord Grey of *Rolleston*, now Lord North, who had entertain'd great Expecta-

Expectations, not only of being Executor to his Father-in-Law, but also of having a considerable Part of the Estate settled upon him, though upon what Foundation he built such mighty Hopes, unless his own Fancy, seems very unaccountable. For the Lord *William Grey* had bestowed a plentiful Portion with his Daughter; and he always caress'd his Son and Grandsons with a paternal Affection, as the Props and Supports of his Name and Family: And why he should alienate his Estate, and bestow it upon another Name, is very unfuitable to that Wisdom and prudent Conduct by which the said Lord was always observed to have managed his Affairs. However the Lord *North* left no Means unattempted, no Stone unrolled, to find out a *Disb of Deeds*, as his Lordship learnedly phras'd it, but all in vain; at length two Sons of *Belial*, *William Warren* (who had been for a long time Steward in the Lord *Grey of Werk's* Family, and then for his Infidelity cashier'd) and *Isaac* his Son (much about the same Time, and upon the like Account, discarded the Service of the Lady Dowager *Grey*) being both turn'd out of beneficial Employments, and not having any other Ways of Subsistence, they lay hold of this Humour of my Lord *North*, resolving to encourage him in it, and to improve it to two different Purposes; namely, to procure themselves a Livelihood thereby, and besides, to revenge themselves upon the Lord *Grey* and the Lady Dowager his Mother. To this Purpose, they inform the Lord *North*, that he is much injur'd by the Lady Dowager *Grey*, Executrix to her Husband Lord *Ralph Grey*, pretended Executor only to his Father the Lord *William Grey*, because that Lady *North* was appointed sole Executrix, by the last Will of the said *William Lord Grey*, and that the Lord *Ralph* had burnt that Schedule wherein she was nominated, and forg'd another, wherein he nominated himself, and substituted it in the Place of the other; this they both attest upon their Oaths, upon which the Lord *North* commences a Suit against the Lady Dowager *Grey*. The Cause, after several Removes from Court to Court, at last enter'd before the *Delegates*. To be short, after a tedious Examination of Witnesses produced on both Sides, the *Delegates* having diligently weighed the Arguments, came to a final Determination, and unanimously pronounc'd in Favour of the Lady *Grey*, judging that Rascal *Isaac Warren* (who confest himself to be a Villain, in betraying his Lord, *William Lord Grey*, and in being accessory to the forging his last Will and Testament, before he could be in a Capacity to witness for *Charles Lord North*) to be much more a Villain after, and that his Testimony involv'd a manifest Contradiction, and consequently that he was forsworn. It was, during the Trial of this Cause in that Court, that I was sent for from *Dublin* in *Ireland*: About *September 1679*, I was produced as a Witness by the Lady *Grey*.

After I had delivered what I knew as to that Cause, I prepar'd for my return back to *Dublin*; and accordingly I took a Place in the

Chester Coach for the *Monday* following. But the Day before, as I was preaching at *St. Giles's Church in the Fields*, in the Afternoon, News came to the Lady *Grey*, that there was a Warrant out to apprehend me as a *Jesuit*; upon which, I was conveyed Home, and commanded to keep myself close, till such time as her Ladyship had made Enquiry what the Matter was.

At length I understood from her Ladyship, that the Lord *North* and *Titus Oates* had that Morning met at *Whitehall*, and after some Conference, they came where his Majesty was, and told him for News, that they had discovered where one of the most dangerous *Jesuits* in *England* was, one that was lately come over from *Ireland*, sent as a Spy; one who hid himself under a Parson's Gown, and preach'd in our Churches sometimes; at other times he would put on a Cloak and hold forth in a Conventicle, and anon, one might hear him saying Mass in *Sommerset Chapel*. His Majesty was astonished at the Impudence of such a Fellow, who, at such a Time of the Day, durst appear to affront the Severity of the Laws, which were then most rigorously put in Execution, and was pleased to demand his Name, and enquir'd of *Oates* if he knew him. *Oates* told his Majesty, that his Name was *Elliot*, and that he knew him very well, for one of the most mischievous wicked Men in the World, and that he believ'd he had more Malice in him, than all the *Jesuits* had who were hang'd; nay, more, says he, he is a *Circumcised Jesuit*. God bless us, says his Majesty, *What sort of Jesuit is that?* A *Jesuit* who is no Christian but a *Turk*, reply'd the *Salamanca Devil*. And thus they went on, the Lord and the Doctor striving to outvy each other in burthening my poor Name with all the Infamy imaginable, and that before his Sacred Majesty; as if I were unworthy of his Protection, or the Benefit of the Laws. At length, his Majesty, weary of such an odious Description, was pleased to retire, bidding them get a Warrant to apprehend me, which they immediately did from Sir *William Waller*.

Her Ladyship moreover made me acquainted, that there was an Advertisement in the *Gazette* for the next Day concerning me, and therefore that it would not be my best Course to set forward for *Chester*, for that I was represented under so vile a Character, that the *Mobile* would certainly tear me in Pieces. However her Ladyship bid me chear up, and not despond, for that I should find Friends enough to stand by me and defend my Innocence, so that never a Lord nor Devil-of-a-Doctor of them all, should prejudice me: Her Ladyship therefore that Night sent and prevented the Advertisement in the *Gazette*, and bid me prepare myself to appear before Sir *William* the next Morning.

About Nine of the Clock the Day following, I saw a Constable with some *Red-Coats*, coming to my Lady *Grey's* House, and fearing lest they should affront her Ladyship, if I should be out of the Way, I went and met them at the Gate

Gate; I demanded whom they would speak with? The Constable told me, that he had a Warrant to search for, and apprehend a Priest in that House; I assur'd him, there was no Priest belong'd to that Family except myself; he enquired whether I was one, I answer'd that I was, but of the Church of *England*, and that my Name was *Elliot*; and moreover I told him, I thought I was the Person he was in quest of. He reply'd, that he was of the same Opinion, and withal commanded me along with him: I enquired whither I must go; he told me to Sir *William Waller*, whose Warrant he shew'd me. The Honourable *Ralph Gray*, Esquire, came to the Constable, and desired him to command the *Red-Coats* to keep off, because the People seeing them attend a Coach, would be apt to affront us, and withal proffer'd me the Honour of his Company; which I with all thankful Acknowledgments most willingly accepted. And indeed I had reason, for if it had not been for his Presence, and the Influence of the Right Honourable the Lady his Mother, I had been certainly sent to *Newgate*, and whither then God knows, for *Oates* says, he never begins a Business, but he goes through-stitch with it; he might have sworn that he saw a Letter under my Hand, which encourag'd *Grove* and *Pickering* to proceed to murder the King, as easily as he swore that he saw one under my Hand, wherein I acknowledged that I had received *Priests Orders*, and sung *High Mass* at *Rome*; I will swear he saw one as much as the other.

But to proceed, we took Coach and went directly to Sir *William Waller's* House in *Westminster*; whilst we were going thither, the Constable enquir'd whether ever I had been amongst the *Turks*: I told him I had; the Constable then shook his Head, telling Mr. *Grey*, that it would go hard with me, for that there was strong Evidence against me that I was both a *Jesuit* and a *Turkish* Priest: Mr. *Grey* could not forbear Laughing, whilst I was heartily vex'd to see myself thus abus'd. When we came to Sir *William's*, after a little squabbling, and some coarse Compliments I was oblig'd to pass upon his Worship, Mr. *Grey* and he withdrew, and after having the Case clearly stated to him, Sir *William* returned to me, and begged my Pardon, for he understood I was a Minister of the Church of *England*, and had the relation of Chaplain to a very Honourable Family, which he was sure, would not entertain within their Doors any one, presented under the Character that I was, and so he profess'd himself sorry, that, upon Misinformation, he gave me this Trouble, desiring Mr. *Grey* to go to *Oates's* Lodgings in *Whitehall* with me, and ordering the Constable to attend, he said he would presently follow us, and endeavour my Dismission, which he did.

Oates, in the mean time, being inform'd that Persons of great Quality would appear in my Vindication, if any Danger threatned me, and that the Lord *North's* Design of Revenge was too apparent in the Business, alters his Mind, and hastning down to Sir *William's*, at that time we were coming to *Whitehall*, he

met his Coach following us; and going into Sir *William's* Coach, the first Thing he said (as a Gentleman then present informed me) was, Sir *William*, you must not meddle with Mr. *Elliot*, for I have nothing to say against him: Nor I neither, answered Sir *William*, for he is a Minister of the Church of *England*, and has his Orders about him. A little after our coming to *Oates's* Chamber, where were abundance of People, the Doctor came in, to whom addressing myself, I ask'd him if he knew me? he told me, that he remembered me very well at *Cambridge*, about twelve Years ago, and that since he never saw me; he heard, he said, and was informed, that I had said *Mass* in *Somerset Chapel*, but he believed it was a Mistake: Pray, Mr. *Oates*, said I, what is the Meaning of the Report you have rais'd, as if I were circumcis'd? Truly, says the Doctor, when I was at *Rome*, the Fathers of the Scotch College enquir'd whether I knew you; Knew whom said I? They ask'd, said he, whether I knew one Adam *Elliot*, who had been of their College; I told them I knew you very well, and that I heard you had been taken Captive by the *Turks*; It may be, reply'd the Fathers, they have Circumcis'd him. This is all, says he, that I know of the Business. This was a Piece of such intolerable Impudence, that I could hardly refrain giving him the Lye; for he not only contradicted what he had told His Majesty the Day before (as Persons of the greatest Quality can attest) but he contriv'd a Story, whose every Syllable was false; for I never was in the Scotch College at *Rome*; I never saw it to my Knowledge, neither did I ever see a Scotch Father; neither was I ever reputed a Scotchman whilst I was Abroad; and moreover my Name was never known to be *Elliot*: So that knowing these things to be false, I had reason to question whether ever he had been at *Rome*, which I do still. However, I thought it not convenient to put him out of Humour by my Contradiction at that time, but I let him go on without Interruption, to tell Lyes as long as he pleas'd; at last seeing him at a Pause, I ask'd him if he had any thing to alledge why the Constable might not be discharged farther Attendance; his Doctorship was pleas'd to speak the Word, that he might go about his Business, and so I was set at Liberty.

This Lenity of the Doctor, in causing me to be apprehended, and immediately discharged, was not the Effect of his Repentance or good Nature, but of his Cowardice and Fear, as the Reader will presently conclude. As soon as with Convenience I could, I made haste for *Ireland*; yet not with that Speed, but that a Pacquet or two had got over before me, and carry'd the News of my Apprehension, and of *Oates's* Depositions against me: The News was so general, that there was no doubt of the Matter of Fact; and *Oates's* Testimony was in so great Credit then, that it was judg'd a Crime equal to Blasphemy or Treason to call it in Question; so that even my Friends and intimate Acquaintance were at a loss what to think of me; the Dissenters and Enemies

of our Cathedrals (of which I was a Member) did insult and triumph upon this sham Occasion. At length in the very Heat of these Prepossession, I landed at *Dublin*, upon a *Sunday* Morning, and immediately repair'd to the Church, where I officiated according to the Duty of my Place; most People were astonish'd to see me, because I was reported generally to be in *Newgate* in *London*. But the Phanaticks were almost distracted, to see their false Intelligence confuted by so lively an Argument as my Appearance; and my not being a *Popish* Priest, or a Circumcised *Turk*, they thought would baffle the Doctor's Infallibility, damn the Plot, and confound them all. O! what a great Scandal it was to them, to see me walk the Streets, but much more to hear me discourse freely, as, God help me! I could not forbear sometimes, when *Titus Oates* came in the way of my Fancy. These were Affronts that were intolerable, and therefore they watch'd my Conversation, and all ways to ensnare me. At last, I unhappily fell into the Company of a turbulent factious Fellow, a City-Captain, who endeavour'd to raise his Credit by catching of *Popish* Priests, and he had got a little Fame by that Way: But now, if he could but entrap me, he thought he should gain immortal Honour. Amongst other Discourse, he desired of me to be satisfied of the Occasion of these Reports spread concerning me, when I was in *England*; I endeavour'd to satisfy him all I could, but all would not do: For, says he, I am sure Dr. Oates cannot lye, and I am pretty well assured, that he said you were a *Popish* Priest, and a *Turk* besides. This insolent Expression provok'd me to some passionate Resentment; so that I told him, that Oates was a great lying Rogue, and he was another: This is not to be endur'd by any *True Protestant*, says the Captain; speak your pleasure of me, says he, but do not blaspheme the venerable Doctor. The Doctor, continued I, if he depos'd with no more Truth against the *Jesuits* than he did against me, they died Martyrs: At this, the Captain rises, and runs away to Sir Robert Booth, a *True Protestant* L. C. J. of the *King's-Bench*, and makes Affidavit, that I said that *Titus Oates* was a Rogue, and the five *Jesuits* Martyrs. To be short, I was sent for by a Tip-staff, bound over to answer at the *King's-Bench* the near approaching Term, when I was indicted for these very Words, found Guilty, and fined 200 *l.* and Imprisonment until I paid it. At the same time comes over from *England*, a pretended Character of *Adam Elliot*, directed to a Gentleman of Quality in *Dublin*, who was desired to disperse Copies of it; it was subscribed *North and Grey*, and was a base, malicious Libel, stuff'd with Lyes and Impudence; it is *Scandalum Magnatum*, to charge any Person professing Honour and Honesty, as the Author of it. He asserts upon his Honour, That I was expell'd the University of *Cambridge*, that I

was a *Jesuit*, that I was a *Renegado* and a *Mahometan*, that I was a Felon, that I was a Murderer, that I was guilty of Forgery, and particularly that I combin'd with *Ralph Lord Grey of Werk*, and with him forg'd the last Will of his Father *William Lord Grey*, to the Prejudice of the Lord *North* of above 30,000 *l.* This infamous Character, howsoever most abominably, and from the beginning to the end, false, yet coming under the specious Recommendation of a Person of Honour, did much prejudice me, especially with the Concurrence of my other Misfortunes; so that I was rendered very odious and vile, insomuch that my Confinement was my best Security; for if I had walk'd the Streets, I had been in danger of being ston'd.

At length, after this violent Ferment of the Peoples Hatred by a little time, as is usual, had begun to abate, the Privy Council, upon my Petition, were pleas'd to consider my Condition, as thinking that I had met with very hard measure, for speaking a few Words, (which were by the severest Construction, the Result only of Passion and Inadvertency) and being pretty well satisfied of my good Inclinations to the Church of *England* and *Ireland*, as by Law established, as also to the Government, and my Aversion to *Popery*; and withal, considering how I labour'd under the Calumnies and Slanders of a scandalous Libel, apparently false, and design'd out of Malice, to ruin my Reputation, and that I had no way to do myself right, so long as I was under Confinement; they were pleas'd to order my Release upon Bail until the next Term, and then I satisfied the Law, and was discharged.

After my Departure from *London* for *Ireland*, the Lord *North* perceiving how much a *propos* it would be to invalidate my Testimony, viz. that excellent Invention of *Circumcision*, (for though a *Papist's* Oath may be taken, yet no Man sure will believe one who has renounc'd the Christian Faith) he renews his Sollicitations to the Doctor, to swear against me in the Court of *Delegates*: The Doctor, who us'd not to swear lightly and in vain, i. e. for nothing, seem'd shy at first; but having heard that I call'd him a Rogue, and the *Jesuits* Martyrs, he comply'd with the Desire of his good Friend, the Lord *North*, who at that time, the Reader must take Notice, was a Petitioning Lord, that is, one of those Lords, who subscribed and presented a Petition to his Majesty for the Sitting of the Parliament, and therefore was by all obliging Offices to be caress'd and retain'd. (The Reader is likewise desir'd to take Notice, that at the Lord *Stafford's* Trial, Oates swore, that a certain Lord sent him 100 *l.* but he neither tells us *who*, nor for *what*, so that whether this Remark be to the Purpose or not, I cannot as yet tell.)

Oates's Depositions against me upon Oath, are as follow:

4^o Maii, 1680.

Super Allegatione articulata ex parte Domini North and Grey, & ejus Uxoris, quarto Martii 1679, juxta &c. data & 18^o ejusdem mensis admissa.

Titus Oates Sacrae Theologiae Professor & Vicarius Vicariae de Bibbin in Com' Cantii ætatis suæ 32^o, aut eo circiter, natus apud Okeham in Com' Rutlandiæ, Testis productus, juratus & examinatus, deponit prout sequitur, viz.

AD II & 12 Articulos dictæ Allegationis deponit, *That he knew Mr. Elliot now a Minister, whose Name he thinks Adam, in the Year 1667, in the College of Cajus in Cambridge, and as near as he can remember, he was then Pupil to Mr. Simon Bagg, or Mr. John Ellis, one of which (as the said Elliot confessed) he the said Elliot did beat; at which time, and during the time of this Deponent's Knowledge of him in the said College (which was for about the Space of a Year) he the said Elliot was a poor Scholar, maintained by some of the Doctors of the University, (as he confess'd to the Deponent;) but for his rude, riotous, whoring and debauch'd Living, they withdrew his Maintenance, as he complained to this Deponent. And the said Adam Elliot hath confessed, that he went a Deer-stealing; and the said Elliot robb'd a Study in Cajus College, and would have sold this Deponent some of the Books he took from thence. He further saith, that after the said Elliot was gone from the said University, and in the Year 1670, or thereabouts, the said Elliot did write to the Rector of St. Omers, and gave him an Account that he had received Orders, and was a Priest, and had sung High Mass at the English College at Rome; which Letter this Deponent saw in the Year 1677, juxta, &c. And afterwards the said Elliot was carried a Slave into Barbary, and there, as it was reported generally and credibly, was Circumcised, and, as he confessed, did give Poyson to his Master or Patron. After which, returning to Rome, he made his Recantation, which this Deponent hath seen under his own Hand, as this Deponent believes, having been well acquainted with his Character. He further saith, that in the Year 1673, the said Elliot living in Kent, did lead a very dissolute, debauched Life, and was much given to Drinking, Whoreing, Lying, and Swearing that to be true which was not so: And he saith, that he hath seen a Letter subscribed as from the Bishop of Meath in Ireland; the Purport of which was, that Elliot was indicted in Dublin before the Lord Chief Justice Booth, for saying that this Deponent was a perjured Rogue, and that the Jesuits that were hanged for High Treason, died Martyrs, and that there was no such thing as a Popish Plot, or to that Effect; upon which the said Elliot was convicted and fined 200 l. and was to be imprisoned till the said Fine was paid, or to that Purpose: And this Deponent doth verily believe, that the said Elliot was and is so vile and infamous a Person, of such a lewd, wicked and debauched Life and Conversation,*

that no Faith or Credit is or ought to be given to his Sayings and Depositions in this Cause: Et aliter nescit deponere, super reliquis non examinantur ex directione partis producentis.

Idem ad Interrogatoria ex adversa parte ministrata. Ad primum & secundum respondet, that about Christmas last, as near as he remembers the Time, the Lord North and Grey met this Respondent in Whitehall, and ask'd this Respondent, whether he knew one Elliot that was a Priest, or to that Purpose; and at first this Respondent could not recollect whether he did or not, but upon further Discourse and Enquiry, finding that he had been of Cajus College in Cambridge, this Respondent did remember him, and told his Lordship that he knew the said Elliot to be a very Rogue, and a lewd, debauched Liver, and that he had been Circumcised, and had received Orders from the See of Rome, or to that Purpose. Et aliter nescit respondere, saving that just after the former Discourse between the Respondent and his said Lordship which he hath predeposited, his Lordship ask'd this Respondent whether he thought it not fit that the said Elliot should be taken up or apprehended, and ask'd this Respondent how it might best be done; and (as near as he can remember) this Respondent advised him to get a Warrant from Sir William Waller for him; and saving the said Lord North then ask'd this Respondent, whether he could justify the said Elliot was a Romish Priest; to which this Respondent replied, that he believed he could, or to that Purpose.

Ad tertiam respondet, that the next Day after the Sunday whereon the said Lord North and this Respondent had the Discourse predeposited of, the said Elliot was taken and brought before Sir William Waller. Et aliter nescit respondere.

Ad quartum respondet, that he did see the said Elliot before Sir William Waller, but did not hear him examined.

Ad quintum interrogatorium respondet, that being advis'd and told by the Lord Chancellor, that since the said Elliot had taken Orders in the Church of England, that his so doing had swallowed up all other Orders, and therefore there could be no Proceedings against him for being a Romish Priest, or to that Effect, as he remembers; this Respondent did tell the said Sir William Waller, that he had nothing to alledge or say against the said Elliot. Et aliter nescit respondere.

Ad sextum nescit, saving the Interrogatory, Sir William Waller did, at this Respondent's instance, clear or dismiss the said Elliot.

Ad septimum respondet, that the Time when the Lord North and Grey had Discourse with this Respondent about the said Elliot, as he hath predeposited, he told this Deponent, that the said Elliot had bely'd him and his Lady, and had injur'd him; and, as he thinks, told this Respondent, that the said Elliot had been a Witness against him concerning a Will, in a Suit depending at Doctors Commons, between his Lordship and the Lady Dowager Grey. Aliter non ineminit.

Ad octavum respondet, that he is well acquainted with the Character of Sir William Waller,

Waller, and believes the Schedule or Certificate now shewn unto him, is totally wrote and subscribed by the proper Hand-writing of Sir William Waller.

Ad nonum, refert se ad prædeposita, quæ dicit esse vera.

Ad decimum dat caus. sciend. ut supra.

These are the *Depositions* of *Titus Oates* against me, which did not flow from a precipitate Rashness, or inconsiderate Passion, but were the advised Result of six Months Deliberation, subscribed by his own Hand, and grounded upon the same Motives of Credibility with his Discovery of the *Popish Plot*; even his Oath and most solemn Invocation of the dreadful God, to avenge himself upon him who beareth false witness against his Neighbour. The Charge against me in these his *Depositions* is intolerably grievous, even abstracting from the Sacredness of my Function, and considering me barely, as I am a Member of a Christian and Protestant Community: And truly the Conclusion of his *Depositions* in these Words, *that I am so vile and infamous a Person, of such a wicked, lewd, and debauch'd Life and Conversation, that no Faith is, or ought to be given to my Sayings and Depositions in that Cause*; as it plainly shews the Design of *Oates's* appearing against me, *viz.* to oblige the Lord North, and to invalidate my Testimony in behalf of the Lady Dowager Grey; so it is a very rational Consequence which the Doctor is seldom guilty of: For indeed, if I am truly and justly charged by him, I confess myself not only unworthy of Credit in that Cause, but in all others; but if he has sworn falsely against me, then I hope the Conclusion will be equally applicable to himself, and that the Doctor ought not to be believ'd, either in his *Depositions* against me, or any other Person. Now I do, in the Presence of the Almighty and All-seeing God, declare, that what *Titus Oates* has sworn against me, is meer Calumny, and malicious wilful Detraction and Slander, and absolutely false; and that whoever might excite or encourage the Villain to this base and unworthy Undertaking, yet certainly the Enemy of Mankind must have been mainly concern'd in the wicked Contrivance, and the Doctor by his shameless impudent Lying, and False-swearing, has plainly evidenced himself to be the Son of a Devil, by manifest Characters and Features, lineally extracted from the *Father of Lyes*, and *Accuser of the Brethren*.

But here I expect some Readers may probably cut me short, and tell me, that by asserting Doctor Oates to be forsworn, I insinuate as if the *Popish Plot* were but a Feignment, and a meer Whim of the Doctor's Invention; at least, I reflect most severely upon his Discoveries; for if he can be found but once to have sworn falsely, the Credit of his *Depositions* immediately sinks, and every Man, for the future, will think himself oblig'd to disbelieve his Narrative.

To this I answer, That his Majesty and Council have declar'd that there is a *Popish*

Plot, and therefore I have Reason to believe one; for the King is as an Angel of God, and has means of Intelligence that far transcend my little Sphere, or any Subject's: so that in despite of these Objections *Oates* has laid in the way, I do really believe the Existence of a *Popish Plot*; but withal I do declare, I do not believe one Syllable thereof, from beginning to ending, upon account of the Doctor's *Depositions*: And if it be criminal to deny it, or call it in question, the Truth and Being of which is ascertain'd by his Majesty's Declaration in Council, and by the Votes of the House of Lords and Commons in Parliament, then certainly there is abundant-matter of Information against one *Titus Oates*, a *Salamanca Doctor*, who, for these three Years past, has industriously endeavour'd to discredit it, and by contradicting Oaths, and forswearing himself, in several Instances, has ruin'd his own Reputation, and labour'd, as much as in him lay, to persuade the Nation that his Narrative is a Lye, and the Plot a Sham; for which if he be not return'd into the *Crown-Office*, and answer for his Misdemeanor at the *King's-Bench-Bar*, (as it shall be none of my fault if he do not,) yet I hope there will come a Parliament; and really I believe it will be a pleasant Sight, to see Doctor Oates brought up by *Topham*, to answer, at the Commons Bar, the Contempt of God knows how many Votes.

When the first Discovery of the *Popish Plot* had alarm'd these Nations with a general Consternation and Horrour, as reasonably it must, I confess I bore a part; for being in a Country, *viz.* in *Ireland*, where the *Papists* were very numerous, and where forty Years Interval had scarce worn out the Footsteps and bloody Marks of their barbarous and inhuman Cruelty, and execrable Rebellion; methought the Protestants there had all the Reason in the world to be sensible of their Danger, and to stand upon their Guard, seeing such a dreadful Plot was sworn to be upon the very brink of breaking out here in *England*. But when after all, *Oates's* Narrative, and his Evidences against the *Jesuits*, and others who suffer'd, produced nothing but bare downright confident Swearing, (a certain and infallible Argument of nothing so much as his own traiterous Disposition formerly) I must confess my Fears began to vanish, and strong Surmises to come in their place, lest the Doctor's Ears might be in greater Jeopardy than our Throats. To speak the Truth, the 40000 *Black-Bills*, and the Army of *Spanish Pilgrims*, and *Military Commissions* from General D'Olive, appear'd always to me so monstrously ridiculous, that they offer an intolerable Affront to the Understanding of any Man, who has but a very indifferent Account of the Affairs of *Europe*. I desire the Reader to reconcile, if he can, *Oates's* *Depositions* in *Coleman's Trial*, pag. 29, where upon Oath he delivers to us, yea, and repeats it, for Sureness-sake, *That he never saw Langhorn after he had shew'd him the Commissions*; which there he tells us, was two Days after the *April Consult*; and yet in *Langhorn's Trial*, p. 18, he swears, *he saw him*

him twice or thrice after, in July and August: This last he thought himself oblig'd to swear, that he might charge *Langborn* with a new Treason contriv'd at a *Benedictine* Consult, which the Doctor made to be in these Months at the *Savoy*. These two Evidences upon Oath are plainly contradictory; I am sure, they can never both be reconcil'd to Truth. It never abated my Honour and dutiful Respects to his Royal Highness, that *Oates* swore first for him, and afterwards against him; and notwithstanding his *Doctorship's* swearing thro' a double Door, yet I have ten times more Reason to believe the Doctor to be a Son of a — than his R. H. by what he swears, to be a Son of the Church of *Rome*. I have heard much Talk, and a great deal of Swearing there has been, about the *Commissions*, and a world of Letters brimful of Treason, sent by the Post too, whose Date the Doctor remembers precisely; and yet wise Men, if they do not think he lyes, they cannot but admire that he should have never a Scrip nor Scroul to shew; they wonder he should forget to bring at least a Copy along with him: I would have been more generous myself than Sir *John Gage* was to him, I would give twenty Shillings for the Sight of that Commission, for which Sir *John* gave but ten.

At *Stafford's* Trial, he swore he never was really a *Papist*, but a Counterfeit: Then in the first place, I desire the Reader to consider what Religion he could be of, during his Residence amongst the *Papists*; which of the *Whiggish* Tribes could he be oblig'd to for Communion; or whether the *Protestant* Religion of the Church of *England* would own such a wicked Dissembler with God and Man, who took all sorts of Tests of Oaths and Sacraments, yea, and committed abominable Idolatry, in despite of his Conscience; who equivocated beyond *Garret*, and out-ly'd the Devil? In the next place, supposing, but not granting him to have been then a *Protestant*; pray, Reader, ask him, the next time you see him, why he did not carry the Resolves of the *April-Consult* concerning the assassinating his Majesty, to one of the Secretaries of State, or to some Magistrate? He swears that he carried these Resolves from one Club to another, subscribed by the several Hands of the Persons who were at the Clubs; could there a fitter Opportunity offer itself to discover the Plot, than at a Time when he might have seiz'd all the Conspirators coop'd up together? when he might so manifestly have convinced them, by their Names and manual Subscriptions to the highest and most express Treason imaginable? Nay, moreover, when a small Delay threaten'd his Majesty's sacred Person with an imminent, if not certain Destruction. By his swearing himself to have been at that time no *Papist*, I appeal to any Man, whether he doth not in effect make Oath, that there was no such traiterous Consult: For it seems not probable, that there should be such a horrid palpable Conspiracy, and such an excellent Convenience for Discovery, and yet a *Protestant* should conceal it. But above all, I can

hardly find in my heart to forgive him, (notwithstanding his Majesty's Pardon) the not preventing the Destruction of his Majesty's sacred Person by Sir *George Wakeman's* Poison, or some other way, by the four *Ruffians* at *Windsor*. In almost all the Trials he sticks to this, viz. that he saw 80 l. told down to be carried to them, and he saw a Guinea given for Expedition; and yet this bloody Villain never made, nor attempted any Discovery, when it might have been seasonable: Every Minute he expected to hear the Blow was given, and yet, which is monstrous, he never offered the least Prevention. Certainly *Ravillac* and *Jaques Clement* were better Christians than this Rogue: he lyes, if he says he was then a *Protestant*, or else he lyes in devising this Plot; let him take his Choice.

At the first Discovery of the Plot, he was pleas'd to allow his Grace the Duke of *Ormond* a Guard of four such *Ruffians* as attend his *Doctorship*; and he made his Grace at that time so considerable in the *Protestant* Cause, that he appointed him *Fogarty* for a Physician: but this was in the Dawning of the Discovery: the Doctor is observ'd to make very considerable Mistakes by Candle-light, and so probably he might then mistake his Grace for a certain *Noble Peer*; for afterwards, when the Plot was arriv'd to the Noon of its Discovery, that People could see clearly who it was convenient to swear for, or against; his Grace was brought in as a Favourer of that Religion, which before the Doctor swore would have murdered him: and God knows how many more were brought in upon the like Account. All the Clergy of the Church of *England* were then seen tantivyng it to *Rome*, and the *Dissenters* and *Conventicles* were the only strong Holds and Bulwarks of the *Protestant* Religion; whereas at the Beginning, the Doctor swears in his Narrative, the *Papists* endeavour'd by all means to encourage these seditious Separatists, and that the Meeting-Houses were the Lurking-holes of the *Jesuits*, where, under the Umbrage of the Toleration allow'd them, they absconded themselves from the View of the Law. Nay, if the Doctor's Friend *Stephen Colledge* had been permitted to finish his Discovery of the Plot and his *Raree-Show*, I do not doubt but his Majesty had been drawn into the Plot against his own Life. The learned Doctor may have read, or heard at least, that *Charles Stuart* has been before now, charg'd with Treason against the Sovereign; they had got pretty near the King, when they made bold with the Queen; and however the Doctor has not been positive as yet to this Point, yet he knows there is a Time for all things. All which Arguments, with abundance more too large to be here inserted, drawn from the intrinsic Matter of the Doctor's Depositions, were sufficient to restrain my Assent to the Doctor's Oaths, how confident soever; especially when I considered that he was a Person no ways eminent for Probity or Honesty, Qualifications essentially requisite to all who aim at Credit by Swearing: but this villainous Doctor is notorious for all flagi-

rious Crimes and Impieties imaginable. Sir Dennis Ashbourn witnessed, that he had one Property of the Devil, viz. that he was a Lyar from the Beginning; he has serv'd an Apprenticeship to the Trade of Leefing from his Cradle; and Hastings, his sometime Abode in *Suffex*, and *Bobbing* in *Kent*, will verify the old Saying, *Quo semel est imbuta*, &c. He has been observ'd, where-ever he has fortun'd to make his Residence, to sow Dissention amongst Neighbours, even where he pretended to be a Minister of Peace, a perpetual *Make-bate*; upon which account, and several others, Sir George Moor turn'd him out of his Family at *Bobbing*: and how he behav'd himself at *Hastings*, the Records of that Place are a Demonstration, and are so generally known, that I shall not trouble the Reader with a Recital; only I have heard it wish'd by an Inhabitant there, for an Experiment, that he would bestow a Visit upon his *quondam* Parishioners; he verily believ'd, he said, that all his Russian-like *Mirmidons* would hardly defend him from the Resentments of the good Housewives there, who remember what a Scarcity of Poultry was in that Town, when he was their Minister. Nay, on my Conscience, I never heard any Person who pretended to know him, who did not describe him by an evil Character. But these are Peccadilloes, in respect of his monstrous Lusts, which would make a Satyr blush; upon which account, he is notoriously infamous both by Sea and by Land. I have heard those who were aboard with him report, that he has committed such Crimes a-ship-board, as have oblig'd the Captain, a Gentleman of very fair Conditions, to wave all Civility usually bestow'd upon his Quality, and to order him to be drubb'd, and ty'd Neck and Heels, and afterwards to be set a-shore. And there are those living now, who will witness that *Knox* and *Lane* were not the first or only Persons that could charge him with a *Sodomitical* Attempt. As for his Religion, no Man can tell what Creed he professeth. The Reader may have heard of a blasphemous Villain, who pronounced *S. Athanasius* a Creed-making Coxcomb: I am morally certain, the *Salamanca Doctor* has not as yet made publick Satisfaction to the Church of *England* for his scandalous Apostacy, and that he has made no publick Abjuration of the Errors of the Church of *Rome*, which sometimes he profess'd; and I am sure that for a while he associated with the *Socinians*, and was even by them disliked, being scandaliz'd with his contemptuous and blasphemous Talk of the blessed Trinity; and he is very well known both by his nonsensical Harangue at the *Weavers Feast*, (upon these Words, *Heb. 1. 2. By whom also he made the Worlds*,) as also by his prating in publick Company, to be obstinate in the *Socinian* Persuasions, tho', God knows, he is very little capable to understand their Arguments: nay, I have heard it credibly reported, that this profane Wretch made it his Business to go about, Fidler-wise, amongst Places of publick Resort, and ridicule preaching by a *Presbyterian* Cant, and as the

Fidlers used to press into Companies, and say, *Gentlemen, will ye please to have a Lesson of Musick?* this Mountebank used to say, *Gentlemen, will ye have a Sermon?* and when the Reckoning came to be paid, there was usually Twelve-pence left for the Fidlers, and Six-pence for the Doctor. This, they say, was one way he had of living, after he was turn'd from *S. Omer's*, before he laid hold of the Plot. And now I appeal to any unprejudiced Reader, whether Credit ought to be given to his Depositions; or whether the Life, Fortune, or Reputation of a Man, ought to be of so inconsiderable a Value, as to depend upon the Breath of a Miscreant, destitute of Religion and Morality, an utter Stranger both to Faith and Good-manners.

But yet supposing the Truth of these Allegations should not appear so clearly to prejudiced Minds; yea, suppose they all should be false; yet I am so fully persuaded of his malicious Villainy, and false swearing against me, that should the whole World oppose me, I am resolv'd to be *Athanasius* against the whole World: The Glory of God, the Interest of Truth, and the Vindication of my own Reputation, oblige me to expose this Enemy of Mankind and of all that is good, and to proclaim to all the World, that *Titus Oates* is one of the wickedest and most malicious Villains in it, who shews no Dread of a God, nor makes Conscience of an Oath. And this I shall demonstrate, and offer a clear Proof of, to all unbiass'd understanding Persons, who desire to be satisfied of the Truth, in the Examination of his Depositions against me: Which tho' this cunning *Swearing-master* has couch'd with all Artifice, that the Truth might not be discovered, swearing Things by such Circumstances, which as they admit of no manner of Probation but his own Oath, so he thought his Falshood would never be detected, by reason of the Difficulty of bringing Arguments to prove Negatives; yet the Devil, who is indebted Shame and Confusion to all his Profelytes, has taken occasion to pay a little in hand at present to his own Child *Titus*, by leaving him in some Places of these his Depositions, unguarded of that Fence he had provided him with in most of his other Lyes; so that now he lies shamefully naked, a forsworn Wretch, exposed plainly to the View of all who do not wilfully shut their Eyes against the Light of the Truth.

To shew the Reader what Truth he is to expect from *Oates's* Depositions, he begins with a notorious Untruth, and prefaceth his false Oaths with a suitable Lye; he stiles himself, *Titus Oates, Sacrae Theologiae Professor*, which rendered into true English is, *Titus Oates, a damn'd Lyar*; for *Titus Oates, Doctor in Divinity*, is a Contradiction to Truth. He has imposed upon the Nation, asserting upon the Word of a Priest, that he commenced *Doctor* at *Salamanca*; whereas he has made it highly probable that he never was there; and besides, by declaring that he never received Clerical Orders from the Church of *Rome*, he has given all understanding Men a better Proof than

than his Oath, that he could never be a *Doctor*, no Person being qualified for that Degree in that University, who is not a *Romish* Priest. It is very unlikely that he should obtain the highest Honour of Academical Preferment in a foreign University, who never deserv'd the Grace of the lowest Degree in the University of *Cambridge*, amongst his own Countrymen. The Doctors of *Salamanca* are much famed for their Acuteness and exact Knowledge in Scholastick Divinity, which this Blockhead understands as much as he does *Greek* or the *Chinese* Languages, which his Mother never taught him, and therefore he is a Stranger to. I have heard of *Angelicus Doctor*, and *Seraphicus Doctor*, but I never heard of *Doctor Diabolicus*, until *Titus Oates* and the hellish *Popish* Plot appear'd together; a *Damnable Doctor* created at the *Amsterdam Coffee-house*, or *B——'s Club* in the Devil's Name, and so let him pass.

Having by this prefatory Address of a palpable Lye, bespoke the Reader's Belief to what follows, he begins and swears four abominable Rappers in a Breath: He swears I beat my Tutor; that I robb'd a Study of Books, and offer'd to sell the Books to him; that during his Knowledge of me, (which, by his own Acknowledgment, was only for the Space of a Year) I was maintain'd by some Doctors of the University, and yet during that Time I was not maintain'd by them, for they withdrew the Maintenance, by reason of my whoring, drinking, &c. and lastly, he swears that I went a Deer-stealing. These are four scandalous Crimes, by which he begins and assaults my Reputation; but because he knew the Charge lay obnoxious to be disprov'd, and the Falsity thereof might easily be made appear, by the Testimony of the whole College; therefore he has recourse to the usual Shelter of his Lyes, *viz.* I confess'd these things to him. And now he thinks he has entrench'd himself secure against the most powerful Attacks of the plainest Truth. It was to this Refuge, that this impudent Forger of Falshoods betook himself, when, at my Lord *Castlemain's* Trial, he was charg'd by that noble Person with a manifest Lye, in asserting that he was divorced: he brought himself off with a Retreat to the old Sconce, *I am sure, says he, my Lord told me he was divorced.* But I hope the Reader will be so just, as to qualify this sort of Argument, which, if admitted without Consideration, is as apt to destroy the Innocent, as condemn the Guilty: The Quality both of the Oath and the Swearer ought to be examined, otherwise the most innocent Person is exposed to the Malice of every confident Villain. Now the Doctor has sworn against me Crimes committed in *Cajus College* in *Cambridge*, which the College never so much as heard me suspected of; and moreover, some Persons of known Integrity and Veracity, who were well acquainted with me, and during all the Time of my Residence in *Cambridge*, knew me intimately, have thought themselves oblig'd to do me Justice, and have upon Oath in the

Court of *Delegates* declar'd, that they had all Reason to believe me abused by malicious Slander, seeing, if there had been any Ground for such Aspersions, they must of necessity have been made acquainted with it, as who were my Fellow-Collegiates, and had the Opportunity of a Converse four times as long as *Oates* can pretend to. My Tutor did likewise declare, and offer'd to make Oath, that he never knew me in the least guilty of any such undutiful Carriage, as to beat him or any Fellow in the College; he moreover did attest, and offer'd to procure the Testimony of the whole College, that I never was charg'd nor suspected of robbing a Study, and (whereas this impudent False-witness did aver to a Person of Honour, that I robb'd my Tutor's Study) that he himself never had his Study robb'd, either by me or any other. As for *Oates's* other Charge, that during his Knowledge of me, I was maintain'd by some Doctors, and that for my whoring, drinking, and riotous living, they withdrew the Maintenance; the whole College can attest, that I resided in the College till after I was Bachelor of Arts, and I defy the Doctor to produce one *Cambridge* Dun, who could charge me with the least Debt, when I left the University; and how then I should be addicted to such expensive Vices, (especially, seeing the Doctor has been pleas'd to allow me but a very small Competency to maintain them) is Matter of Inquiry. But his last Charge is the most wild and extravagant of all, *viz.* Deer-stealing; I solemnly profess, I never saw a Deer, during my being a Member of *Cajus College*: I never saw any Park, neither knew I where there was any, neither did I know or hear of any who were addicted to that Sport in the University: And for the Truth of what I assert here, I refer myself to the Arbitration of that Society of which I had the Honour to be a Member, and to all Persons in the University acquainted with me or my Conversation, who can be suppos'd to be the only competent Judges or Witnesses in this Affair.

And now how shall I ferret him out of his last Hole, namely, his Plea, that I confess'd myself guilty of these Crimes to him? There is no way of demonstrating the Falsity of this; but however, I have as great Probabilities thereof to offer, as the Matter will allow; and I hope the Reader will not expect more. As, first, it is highly improbable that *Titus Oates* should contract a greater Acquaintance with me in one Year, than any of the College could do in four. Secondly, that I should defame myself, or unbosom myself to him, who was of the meanest Repute in the College, who was inferior to me both in Years, and in Standing in the University, and who, besides, was as to his Quality, only a poor Sizer, the Son of a Weaver; and, as to his Parts, the most ignorant illiterate Dunce, incapable of Improvement, from whose Converse there was not the least Prospect of Advantage. And then, in the third place, notwithstanding his precise Memory, which has register'd more Letters than ever *Langborn* writ, notwithstanding

standing he can remember the particular Hand-writings of a thousand Men, only by seeing them put Pen to Paper; yea, notwithstanding he swears he is very well acquainted with my Character fifteen Years ago, (which is more than I am myself) and that we were such intimate Comrades, that I trusted him with all my Secrets: yet he unhappily cannot call to mind who was my Tutor, yea, he cannot tell whether I was his Fellow-Pupil; for Mr. John Ellis was his Tutor; which is a pretty fair Indication that his Memory is not so excellent as his Lying: For if it was defective, where he had such convenient Helps, it affords Reason to suspect it too bad to remember, where he could have but mean and imperfect Assistances.

I have been thus prolix in vindicating the Reputation of my younger Years, from this Calumniator's Aspersions; not that I arrogate any supererogating Observation of the Statutes of our College, (for I am sufficiently sensible of the Loss of these Opportunities, which I might have improv'd to very happy Advantages, under the excellent Discipline of that learned Society, which I ought never to mention, but with all Resentments of Gratitude and Honour) but that I might shew unto the World, how consistent with his Principles this forsworn Villain has been in every Particular against me, charging me only with those things which are false, and of which the severest Censor of Manners in *Cajus College* must pronounce me innocent; and that *Titus Oates* must have been a perfect Stranger both to my Converse and Humour. The blood-thirsty Murderer makes his next Attempt to take away my Life; he swears he saw a Letter subscribed by my Hand, in the Year 1670, directed to the Rector of *S. Omer's*, wherein I gave him an Account, that I had receiv'd *Priest's Orders*, and had sung *High Mass* in the *English College* at *Rome*: this Letter he swears he saw in the Year 1677. If the *Valiant Captain* were alive now, to second the *Learned Doctor*, and swear that he saw *Langborn* register this Letter, there needs no more to hang me. Good God! how unsearchable are thy Judgments, and thy Ways past finding out! who thus permittest the blood-thirsty and deceitful Man to go on still in his Wickedness, and to prosper in his Villainies; in respect of which, *Cain* the Murderer was innocent, and a Saint! If the Schoolmen and Doctors of *Salamanca* have given a true Notion of the Sin against the Holy Ghost, then I do affirm, that there is no Hopes of Pardon for that damn'd Reprobate, a Sham-Brother of theirs, Doctor *Titus Oates*, who sins wilfully in despite of his Conscience, and swears and lyes against his Knowledge, outbraving Hell-fire, and daring the Vengeance of God: For I desire the Reader to take notice, that I invoke this Vengeance of the Almighty to seize me immediately, if ever I received any Orders from the See or Church of *Rome*, or if ever I received any Ecclesiastical Ordination, except of Deacon, *An. 1671*, from the Hands of Bishop *Laney* of *Ely*, and of Priest, *An.*

1672, from Bishop *Henchman* of *London*, according to the Rites of the Church of *England* now by Law established: Moreover, if ever I wrote any such Letter as *Oates* swears I did, to the Rector of *S. Omer's*, or any other Person, or if ever *Oates* saw any such Letter writ by me. And that I may satisfy the Reader as far as I can, in the Proof of a Negative, I declare my Name was never known to be *Elliot* beyond Sea, as hundreds can attest; and besides, to shew that that Rogue's Wickedness is more my Concern than the Danger of my Life, I will put it to the venture, and gage my Life against his, (if the Law will permit) that he knows not my Hand-writing from any other which he never saw. If I had received Orders from the See of *Rome*, I needed not to be re-ordained, our Church holding the *Romish* Ordination to be valid.

But because his chief Aim in his Depositions, was to invalidate my Testimony, he is not content to have made me a *Priest*, but he boldly calls God to witness that I am a *Renegado*, and a *Mahometan*; swearing, 1st, *That I was carried a Slave into Barbary*: 2^{dly}, *That there, as it was generally and credibly reported, I was circumcis'd*: 3^{dly}, *That I confess'd I gave Poison to my Patron*: 4^{thly}, *That after that, I returned to Rome*: 5^{thly}, *That I made a Recantation there*: 6^{thly}, *That he saw this Recantation under my own Hand, being well acquainted with my Character*. In every of which Particulars, I do affirm, and engage myself to prove *Titus Oates* to have sworn falsely; and I challenge all his Friends to undertake his Defence from the Imputation of having sworn, in some of these Instances, maliciously and contrary to his Knowledge, and in some others (to put the best Construction) rashly, and in all falsely.

As to the first, *Oates* never saw me in *Barbary*, therefore he swore beyond the Sphere of his Knowledge, and howsoever it be materially true, yet it is formally false in him, who swears at random, and calls God to witness his Certainty of the Truth in a Matter which he cannot know whether it be true or false; yea, which he has more Reason to believe to be false than true, according to his own Oath, as afterwards it follows in the Depositions, that *after I came to England, and when I lived in Kent, An. 1673, I was much given to swearing that to be true, which was not so*: Then thus I argue *ad Hominem*, All the Intelligence that *Oates* had of my having been in *Barbary*, and a Slave there, proceeded from my own Information to several Persons, before it came to his Hands; and therefore seeing I was the sole Author of the Narrative of my Captivity, *Oates* had more Reason to believe it false than otherwise. And besides, the Account of my Escape appear'd so romantick, that a great many Persons who heard it, thought themselves oblig'd, upon good prudential Considerations, to suspend their Judgments, and to doubt whether ever I was in *Barbary* or not; so that *Oates*, by swearing positively that I was carried a Slave into *Barbary*,

bary, has sworn to the Truth of that which he could not be certain of, and which he had much more Reason to believe to be false.

2. As to the second Particular, *that there (viz. in Barbary) it was generally and credibly reported that I was circumcised*; this Oath is also rash, and therefore false, and is liable to be prov'd so, by the same means as the former, because Oates never was at *Salle*, the Place of my Captivity, and consequently could not certainly know what was generally and credibly reported there. Moreover, whereas he swears *it was generally and credibly reported*, it seems very probable, that (if he swears true, and does not contradict his Conscience) he could produce some of those Persons, whom he knows to be credible; but I challenge him, and all Mankind, to produce one Person who ever attested or reported that I was *circumcised*, until about three Years ago *Titus Oates* brought this Lye, and a great many others, into the World. Seeing then he cannot produce one of those many Witnesses whose Credit he much relies upon, 'tis probable he swears maliciously as well as falsely; but however, it is certain he swears, at least rashly, to a thing which he did not know, and therefore falsely.

3. He swears *I confess'd I gave Poison to my Patron*; this I deny, and Oates is forsworn in saying so; for I could not confess to Oates, because I never saw him since I was at *Cambridge*, which was before I travell'd; and if he only heard so from others, therefore Oates has sworn rashly to the Truth of a Matter which is false, and of whose Truth he had no means of being certain.

4. He swears, *that after I had been in Barbary I return'd to Rome*: this is false, and the Doctor in this is also forsworn; for I have never been in *Italy*, nor within two hundred Leagues of any Part of *Italy*, since I was in *Barbary*; and the Truth of this, and the moral Impossibility of the contrary, will be attested by Persons of Worth and unexceptionable Credit and Veracity: for in the Year 1670, Doctor *Zachary Cradock*, now Provost of *Eaton*, who was then Minister to the *English* Merchants at *Lisbon*, and Mr. *Bulsteel*, a worthy Merchant who then resided at *Lisbon*, with others, do remember me, and saw me at *Lisbon*, in the Month of *June*, before I embark'd in that Vessel in which I was taken; and they can attest, that I return'd back to *Lisbon* in *September*, after I had made an Escape. Sir *Martin Westcomb*, Consul of *Cadiz*, is able to attest, that in the Beginning of *September*, 1670, I arriv'd at *Cadiz* from *Mamora*, the Place whither I escap'd from *Salle* in a *Spanish Barca-longa*, and that I brought a Letter from the Governor of *Mamora* to the Duke of *Vera-guas*, Governor of *Cadiz*, and that after a Fortnight's stay there, he procur'd me Passage in a *Dutch* Man of War for *Lisbon*: from *Lisbon* I return'd Home in another *Dutch* Man of War, in which I embark'd about the Middle of *October*, and was carried to the *Texel*, and so to *Amsterdam*, in *November*, about the Beginning. I refer myself to the

Testimony of Dr. *Marshall*, Master of *Lincoln* College in *Oxford*, then Minister to the *English* at *Dort*, who was pleas'd to assist my necessitous Condition, and Sir *John Chicheley*, then Envoy to the Governor of the *Spanish Netherlands*, who remembers me, and his Servants, with whom Sir *John* was pleas'd to grant me Passage from *Brussels* to *Ostend*; whence, having been stopt there a Fortnight by bad Weather, I return'd Home, and landed at *London* about the latter End of *November*, 1670. There are several Persons of Quality and Worth who remember me, and upon Oath can attest my Residence ever since *November*, 1670; so that it is morally impossible that ever I should have been at *Rome* since I was in *Barbary*: and besides, the Business in which he engages me at *Rome*, which he swears in the next place, requires a Time for its Performance, which it is impossible for any considering Reader to allow.

5. He swears *I made a Recantation at Rome*; this he swears positively, and I swear he lyes abominably: and this the intelligent Reader may be easily convinc'd of, by this short Demonstration. Every one who renounces the Christian, and embraces the *Mahometan* Faith, is immediately *circumcised*, that being the essential Form of Initiation into that Religion, and an infallible Character of all its Profelytes: if therefore I am not *circumcised*, then it is impossible that I could have been a Professer of *Mahomet's* Law, and consequently, it is as impossible that I should have recanted it at *Rome*. But I am not *circumcised*, neither as a Profelyte, nor otherwise, which this Rogue's unparallel'd Impudence and Villainy has oblig'd me to prove by a Demonstration not altogether so consistent, I confess, with the Gravity of my Profession, yet such as I have no great Reason to be asham'd of, since Providence has made it instrumental for Discovery of the Truth, and Preservation of my own Life, and rescuing my Fame from the Imputation of a far greater moral Turpitude, than any natural, I thank God, I am guilty of. *Titus Oates* is therefore palpably forsworn, and to the Shame and Confusion of himself, and all who dare stand up for him, I can demonstrate it. But further yet, there are collateral Arguments to convince the Reader of the Falshood of this his Oath; If I recanted my Apostacy from the Christian Religion, how came I to escape the *Inquisition* at *Rome*, which is a harder Escape than from *Salle*? and this the Doctor would be sure of, if he were there. There are none, whether the Doctor know it or no, who turn from the *Romish* Religion to the *Protestant*, or, as they term it, *Heretical*, who are received into the Bosom of the Church of *Rome* upon a bare *Recantation*; they are, besides, to endure a Purgatory in the *Inquisition*; much more, if they revolt and apostatize totally from Christianity, and most especially if they were Priests, as the Doctor swore I was. The Doctor therefore, by being silent as to this Particular, how I got clear of the *Inquisition*, which must have been very remarkable, has given one main Argument, that

I never deserv'd it, and therefore that I never recanted, and therefore that he is a malicious lying Rogue.

6. He swears he saw this Recantation subscribed with my own Hand, and that he is well acquainted with my Character; every Syllable whereof is false, and he maliciously contradicts the Truth, swearing contrary to his Conscience; for he must certainly know, that he never saw that which never was. And besides, if I had made such a Recantation, it would have been very notorious, and the News of the Prints at that Time: and for a further Conviction, I desire the Reader once more to take notice, that Hundreds can attest that my Name was never known to be *Elliot* beyond Sea, and *Oates* is ignorant by what Name I went; and how then he should know my Hand, or what I was, is next to an Impossibility.

In these six foregoing Particulars, the Doctor is manifestly forsworn, and has shewn only the Pregnancy of a wicked *Invention*, without any *Judgment*, by improving an innocent, if not commendable Passage of my Life, to a Crime that is Capital, and making me to deserve Imprisonment and Death amongst Christians, because I made a laudable Attempt to escape from a *Moorish* Bondage and Captivity. It is lamentable, that amongst Christians in *England*, I should meet with a *Faith* worse than *Punic*, and that *Haggi Hamet Lucas*, a barbarous *Moor*, should outvie a *Doctor* of *Salamanca* in Christianity. But blessed be my good God, who hath delivered me from the Paw of the Lion and the Bear, and I trust will likewise deliver me from this *Uncircumcised Philistine*; He whose eminent Providence has appear'd, in my Deliverance from the Monsters of *Africa*, from the House of Bondage and Slavery to cruel Masters, will likewise vindicate my Innocence from the false swearing of this Monster of Men, who by wicked Blasphemies defies the Armies of the living God.

He proceeds on in his wicked Lying and False-swearing, as if it were Religion with him never to speak Truth, swearing positively that *An. 1673*, when I liv'd in *Kent*, I was given to all Debaucheries, viz. Whoring, Drinking, and particularly to Swearing that to be true which was not so; in which Depositions, he is like himself, constantly false; for he cannot so much as pretend that he ever saw me in *Kent*, and consequently the Reader cannot but be satisfied that he swears rashly and falsely. As for the Matter of his Depositions, which indeed he knows nothing of, I refer myself to a worthy Gentleman, Colonel *Charles Wheeler* and his Family, with whom I liv'd a Year and a half, and to Sir *Thomas Scot* and his Lady, with whom, and in the Neighbourhood, I liv'd the rest of the Time during my Residence in *Kent*, whether ever they heard me so much as suspected of these Crimes: I know these worthy Persons are such Friends to Justice, as that they will not scruple to give his Doctorship the Lye. At our Trial, he subpoena'd some People out of *Kent*, who were so far from seconding this Villain, that

they depos'd much to my Advantage; and I am certain, that he cannot produce any who can justly charge me with these Vices, or that ever I wrong'd or defrauded any Person, or by False-swearing invaded any Man's Right or good Name; Crimes peculiar to this public Enemy, and who, like the Devil, endeavours to have all others esteem'd at least, if not to be, like himself.

The last Subject of his Depositions against me, is a Narration of what befel me in *Ireland*; and in this, as in all the rest, 'tis highly probable that he lyes and swears falsely: he swears he saw a Letter from the Bishop of *Meath*, which said that I was indicted, and fin'd 200*l.* for saying that *Oates* was a perjur'd Rogue, and the *Jesuits* who suffer'd justly, died Martyrs, and that there was no *Popish* Plot: for the only Words of my Indictment were, *Titus Oates* was a Rogue, and the five *Jesuits* Martyrs, and not one Syllable more was alledged against me; so that considering that Reverend Prelate, who was a Person of great Integrity and Justice, I have much more Reason to believe that *Titus Oates* would conclude as he begun, a calumniating, lying, forsworn Wretch, than that any thing should be alledged, that entrenches upon the Veracity and clear Reputation of that pious Bishop.

I have now done with the Doctor's Depositions, in Examination of which I have, I hope, with all Plainness confuted the Calumnies of *Oates's* Friends, who gave out that the Doctor swore only that he was inform'd of those things he depos'd against me; whereas it is clear to any Man, (except an *Ignoramus*, who shuts his Eyes, and will not see) that what he has deliver'd under his own Hand and Oath is in the most material Parts positive, and to his own Knowledge; and I hope I have also, with Perspicuity enough, expos'd him forsworn in most of his Depositions, whom in my Conscience I believe and know to be so, in all and every Particular. And now at the Foot of the Account, I cannot but profess my hearty Regret, that such a monstrous Serpent, and venomous Viper, whose Mouth is an open Sepulchre, and under whose Lips is the Poison of Asps, should be brought forth and foster'd in this our otherwise happy Island, who with bloody Oaths, and execrable Blasphemies, rends the Bowels of his Mother, and labours, as much as in him lies, her Destruction. It is matter of real Grief to me, that he should find Entertainment in this Nation, who has expos'd it to the Scorn and Derision of them who are round about us. The stealing away of the *Grand Lowys* in the *French* Farce, was but an imperfect Representation of the silly senseless Credulity, with which this swearing, lying Rascal has stain'd the *English* Reputation; he has fix'd a Blot upon this Generation, not to be wash'd off by all the Blood in his Veins. He has dishonoured the Christian Religion, and particularly he has affected the *Protestant* with Ignominy and Shame; he has blasphem'd God, and injur'd Man, a detestable Enemy to both.

The Reader, I suppose, considering how I have been damnified and exasperated by the Malice of this wicked Fellow, will not think it strange, if I endeavour'd to do myself Right, and apply'd myself for Satisfaction to the Law; which for a while I respite, in Consideration that *Oates* at that time was the King's Evidence, and had his Residence in his Majesty's Palace, (which, under the Rose, has frequently call'd to my Mind one of the Plagues of *Egypt*, which brought forth Frogs even in the King's Chambers, and Lice in all their Quarters.) But afterwards, when I perceived that he forsook his Majesty, and became Witness for the Traitor *Colledge*, and that afterwards he was turn'd out of that Royal Entertainment, for his ungrateful Demerits, and that thence, he betook himself to the seditious and disloyal Part of the City, associating chiefly with those who are suspected of High Treason, and Capital Misdemeanors, and that he was by them encourag'd for some

swearing Job, no question, when time should serve; I thought it then seasonable to expose him, to which my Resolution, a strange Accident did seem providentially to concur. After the Arrival of the *Morocco* Ambassador, I had the Curiosity with others, to go to see these People, amongst whom once I had been Captive; the Secretary *Hamet Lucas*, upon the first View, immediately knew me, and seiz'd me, crying out, That *I was his Christian*, and that he had bought me with his Money, and that I had made an Escape from him at *Salle*; which unexpected Encounter, together with his Confirmation of my formerly reputed Romantick Escape, and that he was not poison'd, nor knock'd in the Head by me, as *Oates*, by malicious swearing, insinuated, seem'd an Occasion which Providence offer'd into my Hands to vindicate my own Reputation, and to prosecute this false Swearer; which I did by arresting him.



The TRIAL betwixt TITUS OATES and ADAM ELLIOT.



Declar'd against him, for saying that *I was a Popish Priest, and had been Circumcised as a Mahometan*; to which the Doctor pleaded *Not Guilty*, upon which we joyn'd Issue, having *June* the 30th, appointed for a Day of Trial. The Words were plainly prov'd by the Honourable *Ralph Grey*, Esq; and Mr. *William Durham*, a Clergyman, before whom he had spoke them; after which, my Council were proceeding to aggravate the Charge by Proof, that he had not only said these Words in several Companies, and more especially before his Majesty, (as Captain *George Collingwood* was there in Court ready to attest, though not call'd upon, that he heard *Titus Oates* depose in his Majesty's Presence, *That I was a Jesuit, and was sent over from Ireland, under the Masque of a Clergyman of the Church of England, to be a Spy*) as also, that he had maliciously swore to the Truth of those Calumnies and slandering Expressions against me; but the Council of the Defendant, conceding that the Words were prov'd sufficiently, begg'd Leave to offer something in Mitigation of Damages, viz. some Proof that *Titus*, if he did speak such Words as were prov'd, yet he spoke them only jocularly, as who had no malicious Design. No not he, good Man, he was of so tender a Conscience, that he would not discompose the Hair of a Man's Head, for a thousand Worlds, (as is clear in the Case of

the Lord *Stafford*, and the *Jesuits* who suffer'd) the pious Doctor, God wot, had no Malice against them, he only had them hang'd up jocularly, or so, (for truly Hanging is but an ordinary Jest with him.) And in order hereunto, the first who appear'd to qualify the Doctor's Words, and honour the Cause, was the Noble Peer *Charles Lord North and Grey*. It was by many look'd upon with Admiration, that his Lordship would appear in Defence of an already baffled Cause, and for the Encouragement and Patronage of a profligate Villain, abandon'd by his Majesty and all his Loyal Subjects. But these People were, it seems, but Strangers to the great Soul of this Noble Lord, who maintain'd a Resolution and Courage equal always with Difficulties, which were insuperable, and a Wit so transcendent, which nothing could match but his profound Wisdom and Discretion, and besides an Eloquence so powerful, as to be able to rend the Rocks, and make the most obdurate Heart to split. These People moreover, did not consider what a Sense of Gratitude this Person of Honour did entertain, who seeing how liberal the Doctor had been of his Oaths in his Lordship's Behalf, resolv'd to be even with him, and pay him in his own Coin: His Lordship therefore, after having been sworn in Mitigation of Damages, in behalf of the Doctor, and against poor Me, addresses himself to the Lord Chief Justice, and the Jury, to this Effect. My Lord,

Lord, I knew this same Elliot when Chaplain to the Lord William Grey, and, my Lord, he then told me, that he was Circumcised; I vow to God this is true, I would not tell an Untruth for all the World: And, my Lord, to shew you Circumstances to believe this to be so, he was at that time making Diamonds out of calcin'd Flints. My Lord, he told me, he was a Slave at Mamora, where the Blackmoors inhabit; I have been there my Lord, and know it very well. (Here his Lordship was interrupted by his Council, acquainting his Lordship with a Mistake, for that Elliot was a Slave at Salle and not at Mamora, that being the Christian Garrison whither he escap'd; but his Lordship being mov'd a little with their saucy Interruption proceeds) I say, Elliot told me he was a Slave at Mamora; he might tell you, who understood no better, that he was a Slave at Salle, but he knew that I had been in that Country, and that I know very well, a Man cannot escape from Salle, but from Mamora he may easily, and therefore he told me the Truth, that he was a Slave at Mamora; and to shew you that this is true, he told me he knocked his Master in the Head, and left him for dead, and the Reason why he did it, was because his Master had a very handsome Woman to his Wife, and Elliot told me, he had a very great Mind to have a Bout with her; this upon my Honour is true; nay, as I hope to be sav'd, he told me, shrugging his Shoulders. He told me besides, my Lord, that he was a Slave at Rome; no, I beg your Pardon, my Lord, I would not tell an Untruth not for all the World, I think he was mistaken there; he told me he taught Mathematics in the Scotch College, and I believe then that he was a Priest. He swore against me, aye, he swore against me at Doctors Commons, and truly, my Lord, I got Oates to swear against him: That good Man was loth to appear, I was forc'd, my Lord, to What-d'e-callum him; what d'e call it? pish, what d'e call it? pish, you know well enough what they call it (at length some call'd out Subpœna, and then the Lord went on) Ay, ay, I was forc'd to subpœna that modest good Man to swear the Truth. I'll tell you, my Lord, by what good Fortune I met the honest Doctor; you know, my Lord, there is a Gallery in Whitehall, you have been there, my Lord, and so have I, and several I believe in this Company; it was not the Stone Gallery; no, no, I know that Gallery well enough, that is below Stairs; no, no, it was a Gallery above Stairs, and yet it was not that Gallery over the Stone Gallery, but another Gallery; and now I think on't, it was not in the Gallery (for I would not tell a Lye, and give me never so much) it was in a Chamber at the End of the Gallery; not such a Chamber which your Lordship knows very well, but another Chamber; there it was that I met Oates: no, I beg your Pardon, my Lord, I would not tell a Lye for the World, I did not meet the Doctor there; but I'll tell you who I met there, I met my Lord Chancellor there; this is the plain Truth, as I hope to be saved: Says I to him, Pray, my Lord Chancellor, who can you advise me to, that is good at catching a Priest? says my Lord presently to me again, There is Doctor Oates

hard by, you cannot light upon a better; with that I took leave of his Lordship, and addressed myself to the Doctor; I ask'd him, If he knew one Elliot a Priest, who had been at Cambridge? he presently told me that he knew him to be a Popish Priest, and that he had been Circumcised, and for the Truth of this, the King and my Lord Chancellor will be my Witnesses; God damme (laying his Hand on his Breast) this is all Truth. This eloquent Speech in Oates's Behalf, by the Lord North and Grey, I have made bold to trouble the Reader's Patience with, lest the Doctor should tax me with Injustice in omitting any thing that was material in his Defence, as this florid Harangue was the most considerable. I remember I have sometime heard this Noble Peer say, that the curious Painter, in drawing his Lordship's Picture, had observ'd a *Je ne sçay quoy* in his Face; I am sure there are a great many *Je ne sçay quoy's* in his Speech, Embellishments which can hardly be better express'd in *English*, than by a Word borrowed from his Lordship's *What-d'e-callums*. There is one Observation which I cannot omit, viz. That in the Heat of his Rhetorick, his Lordship overslpt his Design, which was to prove Oates intended no Malice against me by his Detraction, and so to mitigate the Damages; but instead thereof, his Lordship offer'd his Majesty and my Lord Chancellor for Witnesses, that Oates loaded me with Calumnies even before the King; so that with whatsoever Resentment his Lordship may be thought to have utter'd these pathetick elaborate Periods, yet he really was a Witness on my Side, and confirm'd Mr. Grey's Testimony, destroying the Doctor's Plea.

The next who seconded the Lord in Behalf of the Doctor, was one Isaac Warren, the Lord North's chief Evidence against the Lady Grey; he told the Court, That I had confess'd to him privately, that I was a Papist, and that I did not believe any of the Protestant Doctrine, which I deliver'd in some Sermons I preach'd before the Lord William Grey, his Lord and mine. In answer to this (because he proceeds in the Method of his Swearing-Master Oates) I say, that I appeal to all that Noble Family, to which I retain'd, who I am sure will unanimously give him the Lye: The Lord William Grey is known to have been a Person so averse to all that favour'd Popery, that if he had suspected me guilty of any Tendency that Way (as this Fellow ought to have discovered me, and there is no question, if he had known, he would) his Lordship would never have afforded me Entertainment under his Roof, which I enjoy'd during his Life. The Reader will be astonish'd, when he shall know, that this impudent Fellow came to the Lady Dowager Grey's House, and offer'd to Mr. Durham, the said Lady's Chaplain, to be a Witness in my Behalf against Oates, and did suggest several Things very dishonourable to the Lord North, which the said Gentleman told him, he was sure I would reject, as who knew him to be a very Rascal, and to be forsworn in the Lord North's Cause, and therefore would not prejudice myself by such a notorious false Witness:

His

His Testimony is a Scandal to Truth, and as unworthy of Acceptance on my Side, so not deserving any more Confutation on Oates's.

The third who appear'd, was *Marshal*, a remarkable Man for the Cause, at Peter's Coffee-house in *Covent-Garden*; I remember I saw this Blade once at *Leghorn*, by the same Token, that I sav'd him from being beaten, or worse, which Courtesy he has now requited, by testifying that he suspected me to have been then a *Popish* Priest, because he finds my Name was not then *Elliot*, which now I own. He moreover testified, that I told him in *England*, that I had cut off my Patron's Head in *Barbary*, which is false; for Mr. *Edw. Courtney*, who was then in Company, when this Story was suppos'd to be told, desires me to acquaint the World in his Name, that he heard me then relate the Manner of my Escape, as he had done formerly, and that I then told them that I left my Patron asleep, and that he pursued me the next Morning: So that this zealous Buzzard, though he spoke nothing to the Purpose, (as who cross'd the Design of the Doctor's Plea, and who endeavour'd to render that probable which was impossible, and a Lye, and which the impudent Doctor himself pretended to the Grace to deny) yet to shew his good Will, he pawns his Soul, and put his Ears to a hard Venture, to serve the Doctor.

The next in place, was one *Codoghan*, or some such ugly Name, an *Irish* Evidence; this was very surprizing, that the Doctor, who had given them all to the Devil a great while ago, should now make use of such a Witness: He would make Application to the Devil himself upon an urgent Occasion. This Fellow swore that when I was at *Dublin*, I sustained a bad Reputation; which I grant, and may thank the Doctor for it; yet notwithstanding, I have Certificates of my fair and honest Deportment in that Place, from the Dean and Chapter of *Christ-Church*, and those who were concern'd to be acquainted with my Conversation, more to my Advantage, than Oates or this *Irish* Fellow, or all their Relations can produce, for theirs.

After him, comes a Holy Sister, a *True-blue-Protestant* *Hofier's* Wife, one Mrs. *Kedley*, forsooth, who lives at the Sign of the *Swan*, at the Corner of *Friday-street* in *Cheapside*; this zealous Woman thinking it hard that the Doctor, who had sworn so much for the Nation's Good, should be expos'd to Danger for want of an Oath or two, prostitutes her little Modesty at his Service; swearing, that travelling from *Chester* to *London* in the *Chester* Coach, she heard me tell a Story of an Escape from Slavery, and that I said I kill'd my Master; she swore, moreover, that I said I was *Circumcised*; and withal, she had the Impudence to blush, though she wanted the Grace to repent. To convince the Court of the Improbability of this Woman's Depositions, I produc'd a Gentleman, Mr. *Shorter*, who travelled in Company with that Woman and me all the Way, who testified, that he heard me

tell the Story of my Escape, during our Journey, five or six times, and that it appear'd so strange to him, that he imprinted it in his Memory, and hath since told it above a hundred times, he believed: He swore that he never heard me say I kill'd my Master or Patron; but that I might have kill'd him if I would, and that I said my Patron pursued me the next Morning: He moreover declared, that he never heard the Word *Circumcision*, or any thing relating thereunto, mentioned by me, and that it seems highly improbable, that I should declare to that Woman, that I should be *Circumcised*, seeing I profess'd myself a Clergyman in Orders, when first I enter'd the Coach; and that I was girded with a Canonical Girdle, and all the Way demean'd myself as a Person under that Character.

Lastly, to bring up the Rear of this goodly Company, comes Brother *Sam. Oates*, the Son of the Doctor's Mother; he would fain have disprov'd Mr. *Grey's* Testimony, and at the same time the Lord *North's*; but it was observ'd here, as also at *Colledge's* Trial, that this Fellow had not been taught his Lesson well enough. To be short, he is a mere Blockhead, and will never make an Evidence worth a Farthing, notwithstanding all the Examples and Copies the Doctor has sworn before him.

I had forgot two Witnesses more, Clergymen, whom the Doctor had Subpœna'd out of *Kent*; but seeing they testified against him, and to my Advantage, I will not reckon them in the Number.

This is an impartial Account of what the Doctor alledg'd in Mitigation of Damages, which howsoever true it should be, yet I suppose it cannot influence the Reader's Judgment, so as not to believe the Doctor to be forsworn in his Depositions against me; for though I should be so foolish and silly as to give myself the Lye, and upon no Design raise an ill Report of myself, and say that I am a *Popish* Priest or a *Turk*, and that I recanted *Mahometism* at *Rome*: Notwithstanding it should be true, that I thus falsly abus'd my own Reputation, and slandered myself, yet *Titus Oates* is not a whit less guilty of being forsworn, in saying he knows these false Things to be true; though he and his Council endeavoured to mitigate his Fine, yet they pretended not a Word in Alleviation of his Crime and Guilt, in swearing falsly, and lying most maliciously. To conclude, they tacitly admit what I have plainly prov'd, viz. That *Titus Oates* is a great Enemy to the Truth, a malicious Calumniator of his Brethren, and a forsworn Villain. And now I profess in all Sincerity, that I do not serve any *Popish* or sinister Ends, in exposing this Enemy both of the *Romish* and *English* Church; I aim only at what every Man claims, *The Liberty of the Subject*, my Birth-right, a Vindication of my Name and Credit from the oppressive Calumnies of a Ruffian, and to serve the Interest of Truth, and the Glory of that God, who has expressly forbid Evil to be done, that Good

may come of it; or that the Testimony of a false Witness, and notoriously forsworn Wretch should be accepted, though we were sure thereby to rid the Church of England of its greatest Plagues, the Jesuites and Phanaticks both together.



A Narrative of Mr. ADAM ELLIOT'S Travels, Captivity and Escape from Salle, in the Kingdom of Fez.



IN the Year 1664, I was admitted into *Cajus College*, in the University of *Cambridge*; where I continued until 1668, when commencing Batchelor of Arts, I obtain'd Letters Testimonial from our College, and then left the University. During my Stay there, I remember *Titus Oates* was entered into our College; by the same Token that the *Plague* and He both visited the University in the same Year. He was very remarkable for a canting fanatical Way, convey'd to him with his *Anabaptistical* Education, and in our Academical Exercises, when others Declaim'd, *Oates* always Preach'd; some of which Lectures they were so very strange, that I do yet remember them. I moreover remember, that he staid not above a Year in our College, but removed to *St. John's*; what the Occasion was, I cannot call to mind; and then he was so inconsiderable, both as to his Person and Parts, that I appeal to all who knew me, whether *Elliot* and *Oates* could be such intimate Acquaintance, as *Oates* would make the World believe.

After I had commenced Batchelor in 1668, I left the University: In the Beginning of 1669, I had the Opportunity of travelling with some Gentlemen of my Acquaintance, with whom, after a transient View of *Flanders*, and other of the *Spanish* Provinces, which had been the Seat of War for some Years preceding, I had the Opportunity to see *St. Omers* also, where *Oates* was once a School-boy, and no Jesuit. I remember, during my Stay there, which was three Days, *St. Ignatius*, or *Xaverius*, or some other Jesuit-Saint's Day happened, and I with the Gentlemen with me, were civilly invited to Dinner to the *English* College; where, to give the Devil his Due, we met with nothing but Learning and Civility to their Country-men and Strangers. From *St. Omers* we directed our Course into *France*, directly for *Paris*; where, whence after I had gratified my juvenile Curiosity with the Rarities and remarkable Places there, and several others in *France*, about the latter End of 1669, I was carried into *Italy*, and about November we came to *Rome*; where I saw that Great Beast of a Whore, as *Oates* call'd him, a Reverend old Gentleman, *Rospigliosi*, who then was Pope. He happened to die a little after my coming thither, which was the Occasion of my fortune to stay there, *sede vacante*, during the Election of another Pope. I never saw

the *Scotch* College during my Stay there, nor any *Scotch* Father, nor any that belonged to the College, that I know of: I was frequently, indeed, in the *Roman* College, and I had the Happiness of hearing *Padre Gotini* the then Mathematick Professor, discourse very satisfactorily upon several curious Subjects.

I staid in *Rome* no longer than the Election of *Altieri*, *Rospigliosi's* Successor, which was in March 1670, after which an Occasion happening of parting with my Company, I parted also from *Rome*; and intending Home again for *England*, I came to *Leghorn*, where finding an Opportunity of the *Bristol*, one of his Majesty's Frigots, I had a convenient Passage to *Alicant* in *Spain*, and from thence to *Malaga*, where I embark'd aboard Sir *John Herman*, then Rear Admiral under Sir *Thomas Allen* in the *Streights*, who gave me Passage to *Cales*. About the Beginning of May, I had the Curiosity to see *Sevil*; from whence having the Convenience of some Company, I took my Course directly for *Lisbon* in *Portugal*; there was then residing Dr. *Cradock*, Minister to the *English* Merchants there, whom I had seen at *Cambridge*; to whose Civility, and some *English* Gentlemens, particularly Mr. *Bulteel*, I was exceedingly obliged.

There was at that Time no Vessel design'd for *England* in the River of *Lisbon*, excepting a little Ketch call'd the *John of London*, laden with Oranges and Lemons, and I was very desirous to return Home; so that I was obliged to take my Passage in that small Vessel; some who seconded my Desires, alledging that I should be more secure in her than in a bigger, because she, by reason of her Smallness, would keep near the Coast, and so out of Danger of the *Turks*; and besides, Sir *Edward Sprag* was said then to lie upon the *Portugal* Coast with a Squadron of *English* Frigots; so that these Seas would be scour'd clear of the *Barbary* Rovers. Upon which Arguments I was induc'd to embark aboard that little Vessel, where I lost my Freedom.

It was about the Middle of June 1670, we parted from *Lisbon* River, design'd for *London*; about three Days after, we met Sir *Edward Sprag* with his Squadron, who encouraged us with the News that no Pyrates were in those Seas, he having lain there about a Month. Upon which we struck out to Sea, the Wind being Northerly, and cross to us all the while; so that by the 22d of June we had got no farther

farther than *Cape Finisterre*: on which Day, whilst the Master and I were at Breakfast, a Boy who sat at the Helm, cry'd out, A Sail, which was the only one we had descry'd (excepting *Sir Edward Sprag*) since we left *Lisbon*: by our Glasses we perceived she had a mind to speak with us, for she had got out all her Sails, and bore down upon us directly before the Wind, which methought was no Sign of a Merchant-man; therefore I desired the Master to bear towards the Shore, who refused to be persuaded, alledging, that this was the usual Passage for *Hollanders, French, and English*, and that it was most probable, that this Ship which was in View, must be a Friend, for that Year we were at Peace with all *Europeans*. About Ten o'Clock up comes the Ship with *French* Colours; as soon as she came near us, so that we could not escape, she pull'd down her *French* and put up her *Salle* Colours, and withal gave us a Gun, which oblig'd us to strike. Immediately appear'd upon the Pirate's Deck about 200 *Moors*, who commanded us to put out our Boat and come aboard them, which we all (excepting one) presently obey'd. For our Welcome, and to shew us what Entertainment we were after to expect, the Master of the Vessel and myself were stript and tied to the Mast in order to be whip'd, that so they might extort a Confession where the Money lay hid, if we had any; we satisfied them, as well as we could, that they were Masters of all that we knew of in our Vessel: and so we were released from the Mast, and put in Irons below Deck with our Fellow-Prisoners. There it was that I began to reflect upon my Condition, for before (the Change was so sudden, and the strange uncouth Accidents so surprizing) I had scarce Leisure to consider: it is hard to express my Resentments then; all my Fellow-Prisoners were lamenting with pitiful Cries and Tears their miserable Estate, which only afforded Matter of Triumph and Insolence to our cruel and merciless Masters; who when they heard us complain of our Condition, would visit us with some Blows, insulting most intolerably over us, lifting up our dejected Heads, and spitting upon our Faces, not vouchsafing us any other Name than Dogs. I must confess, this inhumane Usage was very hard to digest at first; but a little Time, and the Discipline of our skilful Tutors easily reconcil'd us to it; for we found that murmuring did but enhance our Affliction, and enrage our Crosses. Our Vessel was within two or three Hours after she was taken, sent to *Salle* with twenty *Moors* aboard her, who carried with them all our Provision of Beef and Bisket, leaving a little Pork only, which we soon devoured: after which, we had nothing left to maintain us in Life, save a small Quantity of dry'd Olives and Bisket, which every Day was allow'd us: this sort of Dieting did indeed bring down our high Stomachs, and made us very tractable.

We lay in this miserable Condition about forty Days, oppressed, as with many Inconveniences, so especially, I remember, with the

Stench and Nastiness of our Lodging: sometimes in the Day we were permitted to come above Deck, to suck in a little fresh Air, and to wash ourselves; but this small Comfort was soon forgot, by returning to our Irons. There was scarce a Day almost, according to my Remembrance, in which we did not either give Chase, or else were chased; for the *Salle-man* was a good Sailor, and whenever she saw a Sail, she immediately made after her; if she found her too strong to grapple with, then she tack'd and stood away. At length, about a Month after I was taken, one Morning when there was little Wind stirring, we were call'd up upon the Deck; I thought it had been to refresh ourselves, but we found it was with Labour and Toil, for there being a great Calm all that Day, we were oblig'd to tug hard at the Oar till Ten at Night; at which Time we came up with a *French* Merchant laden with Oil, whom we had been in Pursuit of all that Day; as soon as we came near her, we poor Christians were remanded to our Kennel, and moreover had a Centinel set over us to observe us. A little after, three and twenty *French-men* had the Unhappiness to make us a Visit, and take up their Lodgings in the same Quarters. It was but a miserable Comfort, methought, to have such Companions in Misery; and truly, the Sight of so many dejected Souls, particularly a Merchant, (who lost 2500 Crowns of Cash, besides his Concerns in the Cargo) affected me then with a more sensible Grief than my own Sufferings; he was a Man of too tender a Constitution to endure the same Miseries with the rest; we were all lodg'd equally, and had the same sort of Accommodation; that *French* Gentleman and the meanest of the Seamen were treated alike: which subjected him to such a Grief that was too powerful for him, so that at length it broke his Heart, for he died the next Day after we landed.

Our barbarous Masters were well pleased with this rich Prize, and resolved to go Home with her for *Salle*, so they directed their Course thither. We fortun'd one Day to meet with hard Weather, which increased to a Storm that Night. The *Moors*, we perceived, were in great Trouble and Amazement; so that a Conceit enter'd my Head, that if we should all of us with Resolution fall upon the *Moors* who had the Management of the Ship above Deck, we might easily make her change Masters; a Project, which, if it had been prosecuted, did not seem impracticable, for there were not above thirty *Moors* who understood any thing of Navigation or a Sea-man; these were above Deck, and employ'd: the rest of the *Moors* were surpriz'd with so great a Consternation, that the Captain commanded them all to go below Deck; so that if we had resolutely attack'd the Captain, with his few Companions, and clapt down the Hatches upon the rest, we might have succeeded; but this poor-spirited *Frenchman*, and two more, apprehending the Difficulties of the Enterprize as insuperable, declared their Resolution to discover all, if we proceeded; notwithstanding the rest of

of us seem'd unanimous, as thinking that we should never find a better Occasion to venture our Lives to regain our Liberty.

A few Days after, by Break of Day, we found ourselves near two great Ships, who put out *Dutch* Colours; this put the *Moors* into a great Fright, lest they should fall into their Hands, wherefore they made all the Sail they could, and labour'd hard to get clear of them, but to little Purpose, for the other two Ships gain'd manifestly upon the *Salle-man*, tho' it prov'd not to our Comfort; for when they came up to her, and every Minute she expected to be boarded, all of a sudden we Christians (who were then lying below in Irons, heartily praying for our Deliverance) heard a Shout of Joy above Deck; for the Ships who were in Chase of us discover'd themselves to be *Algerines*, the Admiral, call'd the *Springing Tyger*, as I think, and another. Then there was great Rejoicing amongst them, coming aboard each other freely, and mutual Treats past, and we Christians also were permitted to go and visit our Fellow-Slaves and Countrymen; who acquainted us with the News that some *English* Frigots were lying then before *Salle*, which gave us some Hopes, if true, and made the *Moors* very wary. That Evening we parted from the *Algerines*, and bore directly for *Salle*. At length we came in Sight of the Castle, but could discern no Ships before it, we therefore made directly for the River, when presently there starts up a Vessel that made all the Sail she could at us, and oblig'd us to tack about and strike down along the *Barbary Coast*: she put us so hard to it, that we were forc'd to forsake the *French Prize*, and leave her to be pick'd up by our Pursuer, which was an *English* Ship call'd the *Holmes* Frigate, of two and twenty Guns, whom afterwards I saw at my Return at *Cales*. Whilst she was employed in taking the Prize, the *Salle-man* in the Interim made away, and Night approaching, in the Dark made her Escape.

The next Morning, all we Christians were commanded ashore, because the *Moors* had run themselves into a Creek some twenty Leagues South of *Salle*, where they lay conceal'd from the Sight of the Frigate, tho' we had her plainly in View all the next Day, with the *French Prize* at her Stern, with languishing Eyes and sad Hearts, seeing our Deliverance, but not being able to approach it. There they landed us poor Christians, in Number two and thirty, *English* and *French*, who were to travel to *Salle* under the Guard of a couple of *Moors* only, whom we might easily have rid ourselves from, if we had judg'd it safe or convenient: but *Salle* was the only Place whither we could retreat unto, and these were our Guides thither through as desolate and forlorn a Country, as barren and dry a Land, as ever my Eyes beheld. We were above two Days in travelling these twenty Leagues, where we had not the Prospect of any Town, Village, or House all the Way, nor could we see any Footsteps of Husbandry or Civility; the best Water we met with, was

very brackish; our Provision, which our Masters allow'd us, when we parted from the Ship, was all devour'd the first Day. Our Condition indeed, during that Journey, was the most deplorable that ever I was in; for our short Commons and hard Lodging aboard the Ship, had much weaken'd our Bodies; we were very hungry and had no Meat, exceeding thirsty and for a whole Day no Water, the Sun was very hot, and no Shelter; the Heavens look'd like Brass, and the Earth like Iron; all which Circumstances will easily convince any, that we must of necessity long to get clear of that cursed Country, which threaten'd us with inevitable Destruction, and there was no other Place of Refuge but *Salle*; so that our Condition of Life must appear very pitiful, seeing we long'd for the Place of our Captivity, and panted after our Afflictions. When Night approach'd, our Guides made us take up our Lodgings where there were a few Shrubs, which we set on fire to secure us from the Lions, and other Beasts of Prey, as Wild-Boars, &c. of which we saw several in our Way.

At length, upon the third Day, we came within Sight of *Salle*; about half a League from which, we met with a Garden full of delicate Fruits, which, if the *Moors* had not freely bestowed upon us, we had made bold to have took without Leave, such was our Necessity: there we were permitted to refresh ourselves for two Hours, before we made our publick Entry into the City, which was indeed extraordinary; for we were accompanied by several hundreds of idle rascally People and roguish Boys, who came out of the Town to meet us, and welcom'd us with horrid barbarous Shouts, somewhat like the *Irish Hubbub*. We in the mean time were forced, like a Drove of Sheep, thro' the several Streets, the People crouding to gaze upon us and curse us; for that Civility is a piece of Religion with them. With this Solemnity were we conducted thro' the Town unto the River, which we were to cross to another *Salle* standing on the North-side; there were we all shut up in the Deputy-Governour's Court-Yard, where, like a Pack of tired Hounds, we fell all fast asleep upon the Ground.

At Evening we were convey'd to our Lodgings, where we were to repose ourselves that Night, a Place proportionable to the rest of the Entertainment; it was a large Cellar under the Street, arch'd and supported with two Rows of Pillars; the Light it was furnish'd with, came thro' three Holes in the Street strongly grated; thro' one of which, by a Ladder of Ropes, we descended into this Room, call'd the King's *Masmora*, capacious enough to hold 300 Persons, (for very near that Number of Christians of several Nations were shut up there at Nights) besides a whole Leytall of Filth, in which, whosoever's Lot it is to be there, he must wade up to the Ancles. There I watch'd all Night, for sleep I could not, and tho' the next Day I was to be sold publickly in a Market, yet the peeping in of the Light was joyful, because I was to leave that intolerably noisom Prison.

By Sun-rising next Morning we were all of us, who came last to *Salle*, driven to the Market-place, where the *Moors* sitting Taylor-wise upon Stalls round about, we were severally run up and down by Persons, who proclaimed our Qualities or Trades, and what best might recommend us to the Buyer. I had a great *Black* who was appointed to sell me; this Fellow holding me by the Hand, coursed me up and down, from one Person to another, who call'd upon me at pleasure to examine me what Trade I was of, and to see what Labour my Hands were accusom'd to. All the Seamen were soon bought up; it was Mid-day ere I could meet with a Purchaser; the Reason was, a Boy of the Vessel wherein I was taken, in hopes of favourable Treatment from the Captain who took us, pretended to discover my Quality to him, assuring him that I was a Relation of the now Duke of *Norfolk*, who was then Ambassador from his Majesty to *Taffiletta*, and was come to *Tangier*. Upon this Information, the Captain put a great Value upon me, and that was the Reason why none would meddle with me; until about Noon, *Hamed Lucas* (who is Secretary of this present Embassy from the Emperor of *Fez* to his Majesty) agreed with the Captain, and paid down 600 Pieces of Eight for me.

I was pretty well pleas'd with my Fortune to fall into the Hands of such a Person, who besides that he was of a great Repute there, seem'd to carry in his Deportment an Air and Mien that was extraordinary; and therefore I hop'd for some more favourable Treatment from him than from another: but other Christians who had heard of this Patron of mine, pity'd my Ignorance, as knowing that he was a cunning *Jewish* Merchant, and that he bought me with a Design to extort from me a great Ransom, tho' by the hardest and cruellest Usage imaginable; which I found to be too true a Character of him before Night: for after he was come to his own House, whither he commanded me to follow him, he presently makes me acquainted with a piece of his Mind and Temper; telling me, that he had paid a considerable Sum of Money for me, which he did upon the Prospect of a Ransom for my Liberty, proportionable to his Expectation and my Quality, which, he was well assured, was such, that it would answer whatsoever Hopes he entertain'd; and he would have me know that I had to do with a Man with a Beard, and who was too cunning to be impos'd upon, and therefore advis'd me to forego that Piece of Policy which the Christians frequently make use of, in concealing their Qualities, and disguising their Conditions; since it would be in vain to prevaricate before him, who was very well inform'd of my State, and as well acquainted with my Fortunes in *England* as I myself; and wish'd me rather to propose such a Ransom as was suitable to his Expectations, from so considerable a Captive, for Payment of which he would allow me sufficient Time: and if I gave any Demonstrations of Sincerity in dealing with him, I should be exempted from all slavish Employments;

but if I refus'd a Compliance with these his Proposals, I should experience the greatest Severity that any Slave in *Barbary* could from his Patron.

Seeing he profess'd himself a Man with a Beard, and one that hated to be impos'd upon; I endeavour'd all I could to disabuse him, and possess him with a clear Notion of the naked Truth, professing with all Sincerity, that I was so sensible of the Miseries of Captivity, that if a Kingdom were at my Disposal, I would frankly quit all Pretensions to it, in Exchange for the Happiness of the Freedom and Liberty I enjoy'd in my own Country: but that such has been the Pleasure of God to me in the dispensing the Goods of this World, that he has allow'd me no more than what he saw me then Possessor of; so that I found myself under so much worse Circumstances than other Christian Captives, by how much I sustain'd greater Expectations, and was least able to answer them: but that which was the greatest Aggravation of my Misfortune was, that I should very much contribute to the calling in question his Prudence and Judgment, because all the Town would admire, when they shall see the Event, that the wise *Hamed Lucas* was impos'd upon in giving 600 Pieces of Eight for a poor Slave, who was not worth a *Maravidi*.

At which last Words, he was so transported with Passion, that he shower'd down a whole Torrent of Blows upon me, and lighting unluckily upon a Stick, he broke my Head in several Places, and never ceas'd till he made me all in a gore-blood; I was not able to stir, and the cruel Villain permitted me to lie a little while: afterwards he comes again afresh, and drags me out of his House into the Street, and then falls upon me anew, beating me all along the Streets, to the great Grief of my Fellow-Captives, who were of the same Mind with myself, that I should hardly outlive that Night. He brought me at length to a *Black-Moor* who was working in Lime, commanding me with all cruel imperious Insolence imaginable, to serve that *Black*, by giving him up Lime with my Hands, which I did, till such time as my Patron departed; and then I signified to the *Black* that I was very sick, and by Signs pray'd him to let me leave off that Work, which had almost choak'd me; which by his pitiful Gesture I perceiv'd he allow'd. So I lay down upon the Ground and fell asleep; my Patron presently return'd, and took such a Course to awake me, that he had very near laid me asleep for ever; for he gave me a Blow in the Small of my Back, which created such a pungent Pain, as quite cashier'd all Patience and all Respects of Self-preservation; so that I vented my Passion in the most rash inconsiderate Expressions, the most provoking, opprobrious and menacing Terms, that my Anger and my little *Spanish* could accommodate me with, daring him to dispatch me, for my Life then seem'd a grievous Burden to me.

The covetous *Moor* fearing lest I should make my Words good, and by putting Hand

to myself, rob him not only of his Hopes, but also of his 600 Dollars, departs from me with a threatening Gesture, which I shew'd very little Sense of; for I immediately compos'd myself to sleep again, being so weary that I could have rested contentedly upon Briars and Thorns. Some while after, the cruel Dog return'd, and awakening me gently, smil'd upon me, and asking me if I would drink Water, I answer'd, I was like to die for want of it, having drunk none that Day: so he directed me to a House near by, where a Woman was, who gave me some in an earthen Pot, which after I had drunk off, she broke the Pitcher. I return'd to my Patron, who made me follow him Home, and after a plentiful Supper, which he allow'd, he gave me a Hammock, and order'd one to shew me the Way to the *Masmora*, where I remain'd all Night.

The next Day he had provided a *Jew* (who had been in *Europe*, and spoke good *Latin*) to treat with me, as if my Defect in the *Castilian* Language, wherein he was exquisite, had occasion'd the Unsuccessfulness of his negotiating with me. This *Jew* I found to be a good understanding Man, who was quickly made sensible of the Truth of my Condition, and withal a Man endu'd with more Humanity than generally the People of that Religion are, which he evidenced by his good Advice to me to this Purpose; telling me, That my Patron was a Man of violent Passions, and that, tho' he himself was pretty well satisfied of my utter Inability to answer what my Patron demanded, yet if my Patron should be so persuaded, and find himself bilk'd in all his great Expectations, he would certainly convert his Hopes into an extravagant Rage, and then put me to some cruel Death; therefore he advis'd me, as not to sooth his vain Hopes, so neither quite to banish all: As thus, says he, you shall give me Leave in your Name to acquaint your Patron, that you have Relations and Friends who are powerful and rich, tho' you are miserable; and you have Reason to believe, that rather than you should spend all your Days under the Pressures of a heavy and cruel Captivity, they would make a Purse of 1000 Crowns to ransom you. This Proposal, says he, tho' it may not satisfy his Expectation, yet it will banish all Despair, and so you may live till God, who has been pleas'd to afflict you by bringing you hither, may be pleas'd in due Time to redeem you hence.

This Advice of this charitable *Jew*, I so far comply'd with, that I not only gave him liberty to free my Patron from the Despair of any Ransom at all, but I resolv'd to improve it, by promoting his Hopes to the highest Degree imaginable. To this Purpose, finding after that the *Jew* had acquainted him with the Issue of his Discourse with me, and of my coming up to 1000 Crowns, yet notwithstanding his Rigour did not abate, but every Day he put me to harsher and severer Tasks; I one Day let fall some Discourse which encouraged the Conceit he had entertain'd of

my Relation to his Excellency the then Lord *Henry Howard*. This, indeed, by all my Fellow-Slaves was look'd upon as a strange Piece of Policy in that Place, to blab out my great Relations, where all other Christians, by all Art and Care imaginable, study to represent their Condition mean, and to conceal their Relations and Fortunes so much the more as they are considerable; and therefore one of them told me, that he never expected to see me one of the Privy Council: I answer'd him, that neither did I, so long as I was a Captive there: he said, he wish'd me in my own Country, in a Place there call'd *Bedlam*, which was fittest for me, and he believ'd my Cousin (for so his Slave-ship was pleas'd to stile him) the Lord *Howard* would be of the same Opinion: I answer'd him, that I did not question to be deliver'd from this insupportable Bondage by my Cousin's Means; which afterwards came to pass after this Manner.

The Christians usually about Sun-setting were sent to a Fountain of excellent Water without the Town, to bring home in great earthen Jars some of that Water; I also was sent by my Patron: Amongst other Discourse which the Christians use to have there, I listen'd to a Seaman discoursing of *Mamora*, a *Spanish* Garrison, some twenty Miles distant from *Salle*, at the Mouth of a River, and that he sailing along the Coast, had observ'd it very rocky for about eight Miles, but the rest was a fine Sand that reach'd as far as *Mamora*; he said moreover, that he believ'd a good Footman might run a Race for his Freedom in three Hours, if he had the Convenience of a favourable Night, and could 'scape a number of Tents which were pitch'd all along the Country 'twixt *Salle* and *Mamora*, who are very industrious to pick up Slaves attempting an Escape, because the Law of that Land encourages them with half the Slave's Ransom.

Upon this Discourse it enter'd strongly into my Head, that I should be the Person who should win the Prize; but at present it was impossible, by reason of my lodging in the *Masmora*, as also by reason of my Lassitude at Night, being quite spent with the Toil and Labour of the Day; but if I could induce my Patron by any Arts to be a little kind to me, and abate his Severity, I thought I might fall into some Capacity of performing what I design'd. Seeing then that the hard Usage, beyond other Slaves, which I endur'd, proceeded from my Obstinacy (as my Patron said) of not confessing myself to be a *Conde*, and particularly a near Relation of my Lord *Howard's*, (as my Patron was inform'd) and whose Alliance he more coveted than any other's in behalf of his Slave; I resolv'd to try my Fortune a little under the Mask of a Person of great Quality: and this was the Reason, why I was pleas'd at that Time to own an Alliance to the great Family of *Norfolk*, which Sham tho', occasion'd my Deliverance; so that I found it by Experience true, what is vulgarly said, that it is good to be related to a great Estate or Family, tho' at never

never so great a Distance; for I am sure all the Relation that I knew I had to the Duke of *Norfolk* then, was, that he was at *Tangier* when I was at *Salle*, and so near we were then related indeed, and no more. However, I wrote a Letter to his Excellency, which my Patron had translated into *Spanish*, and such Satisfaction did he receive from it, that he allow'd me a Month in Expectation of an Answer; during which Time, I should be treated with all Mildness and Civility, only I was to look after his *Barb* and his House when he was Abroad; which Employments I esteem'd a Happiness hardly to be expected in that Country. My Letter was deliver'd by my Patron to an *Irishman*, by Name *Long*, newly ransom'd, who intended for *Cales* with the first Opportunity; him did my Patron oblige by Promise, to deliver my Letter to his Excellency with all Expedition.

The News of my Quality presently spread Abroad, so that I had several Visits, and particularly from a *French* Frier, a very ingenious learned Man, who acquainted me, that the next *Sunday* was *S. Bartholomew's* Day, and that he intended then (having procured Permission from his Patron) to preach at the *French Consul's* House, and so invited me to be his Auditor. I told him, I should be proud of the Happiness, if my Patron would give Leave; he engaged to use his Endeavours with his Patron to procure a Licence from mine, which was obtain'd: So to the *French Consul's* I went, where, after having heard a seasonable Discourse to Slaves about Patience under our Afflictions, made by the Frier, the *French Consul* gave me a Glass of Wine or two, after which I return'd home. My Patron seem'd concern'd at my long Absence; to whom I reply'd, that the *French Consul* had treated me with Wine which was extraordinary good, and which, if he understood the Virtue of, he would renounce *Mahometism* to drink of it: He counterfeited a Displeasure at my Raillery; but I perceived he was really well satisfied, as who had no Antipathy in his Temper to the Juice of the Grape; which I had seen him before sometimes drink with a great Greediness.

About the Dusk of the Evening, he and the *Jew* I formerly mention'd being together at our House, order'd me to go to the *French Consul's*, and desire him to send to my Patron a Quantity of Wine, which I did; but first I begg'd of my Patron that I might have Share of it; he told me, he intended I should; then says I to the *Jew*, I must request another Favour of you, that you would intercede with my Patron that I may not go to the *Masmora* this Night, for the Miseries of that Place will damp all the Pleasures and Satisfaction of the Day preceding. My Patron was so complaisant, that he condescended to both our Desires. Away then went I to the *French Consul* immediately, to whom having imparted my Message, he order'd some Servants to carry a considerable Parcel of Flasks of Red Wine (*Syracusa*, I think they term'd it) to my Patron's House: The Gentleman in the

mean while arresting me civilly to drink a Glass with him, before I went to the *Masmora*, as was expected, which I did; withal acquainting him, that I design'd also to have a Share of the Wine sent to my Patron, but my principal Aim was, that he should have his Dose, and thereby I should escape that Night; I told him how my Patron had accommodated me with a sufficient Opportunity, by excusing my going to the *Masmora* that Night, which if I neglected, I deserv'd to be hang'd next Morning. The courteous Gentleman seem'd amaz'd at my Resolutions upon such a desperate Attempt, and endeavour'd to dissuade me from an Enterprize which carried with it insuperable Difficulties, and which, to his Knowledge, some had attempted in vain, and had only purchas'd to themselves thereby heavy Stripes, and multiplied their Miseries, whereas never any one in my Circumstances had accomplish'd it; however, seeing me obstinately fix'd either to escape or die that Night, he gave me his friendly Advice how to manage both myself and my Patron in drinking; and so telling me that he would pray heartily for my Success, and that he would not commit himself to sleep, till he heard of the Issue, with all Humility and Thankfulness I kiss'd his Hand, and departed to my Patron's House.

At my Return, I found him and the *Jew*, and four other *Moors*, set at Supper, which was brought them by some Slaves, according to their Appointment, so that this seem'd a design'd Club; which Consideration created in me sundry anxious Surmises, lest there being so many in Company, my Designs might happen to be cross'd by some one or other of them; and thence it was, that all the while they were at Supper, I was very thoughtful, and engag'd in deep intense Meditation, how to obviate all emergent Difficulties, which this unexpected Company might lay in my way; yea, so pensive was I, that I could not advert their Commands, which occasion'd my Patron to inquire the Reason of my extraordinary Melancholy, seeing my fair Hopes of a sudden Redemption, and his kind and civil Usage to me, together with the chearful and jovial Temper of his Friends, who came to be merry with him, seem'd to administer Matter of quite different Resentments: At this I rous'd myself out of my thinking Posture, with some kind of Confusion, and humbly begg'd his Pardon for my unsuitable Humour, which, I told him, proceeded from the Consideration of my Cousin the *English* Ambassador's Resentment of my Weakness, in discovering myself so soon; and tho' I question'd not the speedy Payment of my Ransom, and my Discharge, yet I could not, but with exceeding Trouble, reflect upon the Reason of his Displeasure, and the ill Consequences which must ensue, if he should be angry with me, for whose Favour and Kindness I had the highest Veneration and Respect.

At this my Patron bid me chear up, and be merry with them; for, says he, I myself will write to his Excellency the *English* Ambassador,

ambassador, and will excuse you; I will acquaint him with the true Way and Means how I came to be inform'd of your Quality, and Alliance to his Excellency. I pretended to be extraordinary much affected with this Kindness of my Patron, which I signified by passing a *Moorish* Compliment upon him, to this Effect; *That this Favour would outbalance all the Miseries of my Captivity, and that if his Excellency my Cousin knew how happy I were in a Patron, he would come himself to redeem me with his own Person, and would throw himself at your Feet, ambitious of the Honour of being your Slave.* This *Rhodomontado* was so surprising and taking, that he told me, *that if he had not been sufficiently inform'd of my Quality before, this Instance of my excellent Education had manifestly discovered me*; upon which, I was forced to give over complimenting, lest he should enhance my Quality, and perchance beat me into the *Royal Family* for a Lye of my own making, as I had been before, into the *Family of Howard* for a Lye of our Ship-boy's. However, I earnestly begg'd him to write to the *English* Ambassador with all Expedition, for if he remov'd my Fears of his Displeasure, I would be the merriest Man alive; and then I resolv'd to cashier all Thoughtfulness, both because I would give no Occasion of Jealousy, as also lest too much thinking upon the Difficulties (which indeed were very great) might damp my Resolution or slacken my Endeavours, which I intended to employ to the utmost, that I might that Night make my Escape; leaving the Method and Means to the Management of Providence.

After these Compliments were over, I sat down with the Company, and compos'd myself to be as merry and agreeable as possibly I could; I sung several *English* Songs to them, particularly I remember, *Calm was the Evening*, &c. in the *Mock-Astrologer*, which was new when I left *England*; they were wonderfully affected with it, and were very desirous to have me translate *ba ba ba*, &c. into *Spanish*, which made me laugh more heartily than I sung; they also sung *a la Morisco*, to requite me. I must confess, I never knew any who seem'd much delighted with the Sweetness of my Voice, neither was I ever so vain to expect it; but really, when I heard their barbarous Tones, and damnable dissonant Jangling, I cannot deny a Piece of Weakness which then possess'd me, which was, a Pleasure to hear mine own sweet self chant it. The Glass in the mean while did not stand still, which I principally adverted, for upon the Management of that, depended the Fortune of that Night: therefore tho' I used all Art to shift it from myself, yet I used the same that my Patron might never balk it; which at last evidenced itself plainly, for he was got very drunk, and truly I thought that then it was not safe nor convenient for his Slave to appear sober: therefore I counterfeited the Humours of a Man overtaken with Drink, with all the Artifice imaginable, so that I afforded exceeding Divertisement to the

soberer Part of the Company; yet withal the Glass was never neglected to be sent about, which was ply'd with such Industry, that before Midnight all the Company had got as much as they could well carry away, and my Patron abundance more; for my own part, I pretended to be so much concern'd, that I fell down, and there I lay till such time as the Company pleas'd to depart, when they rous'd me up to lock the Doors, which seemingly with much ado I effected; and then I return'd to my Patron with the Keys.

Him I found in a Condition, such as a highly provoked revengeful Adversary could hardly wish for a more opportune; there was no Company in the House excepting my Patron, his *Barb* and myself; the Doors and Avenues were all secur'd; the Streets were clear, and the Neighbourhood hush'd up in the Silence of Midnight; the *Moor* could hardly either speak or stand; all which inviting Circumstances seem'd to court a more resolved Patience than my own, to Compliance with this lucky Opportunity of Revenge upon an inhuman Monster, who profess'd it his Interest to deprive me of all the Blessings of this World, and to make Death to me more eligible than Life. While I was upon these Thoughts, the Brute raises himself up a little, and mentions somewhat to me of a not-to-be-mention'd Carnality, not only unworthy of Christian Ears, but the bare Mention whereof offers Violence to the Dictates of Nature, and which my Charity would never suffer me to believe that it could enter into any Man's Mind, unless I had heard of the Citizens of *Sodom*, and a Doctor of *Salamanca*: which abominable Proposal did so invigorate my Resolution, that immediately I had made him a Sacrifice to my most cruel Resentments of the barbarous Usage I receiv'd from him, if by a happy Chance the Wine had not got the Ascendant over all his Senses, and laid him in a profound Sleep. I laid, however, hold of his Scimitar, and drew it, and put on the Belt, so that if he had awak'd, I might have found myself under a Necessity not to flinch back, but to proceed with all Vigour, for my own Life's sake, to take away his. But when I reflected upon the many Difficulties I was to encounter and overcome before I could escape, and the great Probabilities of my being retaken, and withal the Cruelties of a Death that I should suffer, if *Hamed Lucas* should be found kill'd by his own Slave: upon these Considerations, I banish'd all Thoughts of Vengeance, and in Compliment to my own Self-preservation, I gave the *Moor* my Patron his Life, as thinking it much more rational, as well as generous and *Roman-like*, to save a Citizen's Life, tho' my own, than to destroy an Enemy's.

Seeing then that my Patron was engaged in a deep Sleep, from which in all Probability he could not awake in four or five Hours, I immediately sheath'd the Sword, and taking out of his Bags a small Parcel of *Spanish* Pistoles, (which, methought, might not be unserviceable to me in another Part of the World) together

together with two Shirts of his, (for indeed I had none of my own) and a Pair of Shoes, I put out the Candles, and with all Expedition I flipt out of a Window into the Street, where again I unsheath'd, being resolv'd to attack whomsoever I should rencounter in the Streets, and not to part with that Liberty, which, tho' in a small measure, I was then newly made Possessor of, unless with my Life. I went thro' several Streets, and by a favourable Providence, I escap'd all Rencounter or Discovery: I came at last to the River-side near the Castle, where presently I threw myself in, but after having been a little there, finding myself incommoded in swimming, by reason of the Sword and other Things, I swam back to Shore, where I stripp'd myself, and laid all upon my Back, kept together by my Breeches button'd about my Neck: so I committed myself again to the Water; but the Tide carrying me upon one of the Ships, I was oblig'd to struggle with all my Strength to get clear of it, which, maugre all my Endeavours, I could not do so effectually, but that I came within hearing of their Talk aboard. I conjectur'd then that the Reason of my slow proceeding might be the Weight of the Burden I carried, and besides, my Arms were a little weary, and I had a great mind to throw myself on my Back and ease myself; whereupon I unbutton'd and let all my Cloaths, Riches and Armour go together, and swimming on my Back, I at length came to the other Side of the River, a little weary, and altogether naked and defenceless.

Now the Dangers began to crowd upon me, and I had so near a Prospect of them, that I wish'd I had never undertook the Work, and was entering into Consideration of returning to my former Estate; but when I reflected on the Loss of my Patron's Scimitar and the Gold, my desperate Estate gave me both Hopes and Courage; I had more than past *Rubicon*, I thought then; for there was no returning: so up I got, and having almost rounded *North Salle* and left it behind me, with a good Speed I made away, having no other Direction, saving the Noise of the breaking of the Sea upon the Shore, within half a League on my Left Hand; it was moreover dark, and there was no Path or Road that I could hit upon, so that many times I stumbled, and fell over Stones, which cut and bruise'd my naked Body. With these sort of Divertisements I entertain'd myself until Day-break; when seeing at some Distance before me a Mist arise, and being ignorant of the Occasion, and fearing lest it might be the Effect of some Travellers, I turn'd to the Left, over a great Bank, on the other Side of which, I happily fell in upon a Sand upon which the Sea broke, which continued about eleven or twelve Miles in Length; there I had good running for a while, till such time as I saw three *Moors* upon the Sand before me; but having nothing to say to them, nor any mind to their Company, I turn'd therefore to my Right Hand over the fore-mention'd Bank, where I fell in upon a Path,

which I measured with all the Haste I could, until I had in View a couple of Tents rear'd up in the Path-way: these I thought it a very unseasonable Compliment to visit so soon in the Morning, and therefore endeavour'd to decline them, by turning up the Bank upon the Left Hand; upon the Ridge of which I was obliged to travel above a Mile in great Trouble, wading thro' thick Furz and Goss, which prick'd me with exceeding Vexation and Smart; the *Moors* on either Hand of me constraining me to keep this middle Course, unless I would expose myself to a manifest Hazard of being retaken. It pleas'd God that I had left the Tent a pretty way behind me; I turned therefore down into the Path aforesaid where I exercised my Feet to the best Purpose that ever I think I did in my Life, for about three Miles, and then I came within Sight of *Mamora* the *Spanish* Garrison.

I was then about two Miles distance, and being oblig'd to part with the Path which I had hitherto follow'd, and then turn'd away from *Mamora*, I found great Difficulty to run with that Haste which my Occasions required, for the Ground was full of Stumps and other Asperities very afflictive to my naked and wounded Feet, which render'd that little last Stage much more tedious than all the rest of my Journey; besides, Lassitude grew upon me so fast, that I almost fainted, so that I most impatiently long'd to reach the only Place of my Safety, fearing lest I should founder in the Entrance into the Port, after having escap'd the great Difficulties of a dangerous Voyage. There was a Hill upon my Right Hand, which I had a fancy to ascend, thence to make my Descent to the Garrison at pleasure; the *Moors* kept a kind of a Garrison there, to hinder the *Spaniards* from fallying out to forrage the Country; this I was ignorant of, otherwise I had not directed my Course thither; however, this Error was very instrumental to my Preservation, for the *Moors*, who saw me, tho' I did not them, observing me direct my Course towards them, imagined I must be a Friend, whereas if I had made directly for *Mamora*, they had certainly intercepted me. When I came to the Foot of the Hill, being then out of Sight of those who were on the Top, I found the Ground so full of small Snail-shells, which cut my Feet extremely, that I thought it more convenient to go along by the Foot of the Hill, which was much easier: I was got at last so near the Garrison, that I could call to the Soldiers, who were very numerous upon the Works; I call'd out to them that I was a Christian, and begg'd them to relieve me, by admitting me to come in; they wav'd their Hats to me, and withal I saw a Company, sent from the Garrison, enter a Square-Fort which was some little Distance from it. The *Spaniards* continued waving their Hats, which I mistook for a Sign to stay there, where I was, and make no further Advance till such time as they had sent out to enquire what I was; I therefore sat me down there; at length off comes a great Gun from

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Mamora,

Mamora, whose Bullet graz'd upon the Side of the Hill above me, which I looking after, saw the *Moors*, who had mistrusted my long Stay, coming down upon me, and then I made all the Haste that Fear could inspire me with, the *Spaniards* in the mean time firing at the *Moors*, to stop their eager Pursuit; at last, with my utmost Endeavours I reach'd the little Fort, at the Bottom of whose Wall I fell down quite spent, so that my Spirit fail'd me.

The Soldiers carried me in a Cloak up to the Garrison, where the Governor, after having caus'd a Glass of Wine to be pour'd into my Mouth to revive me, question'd me what I was, and whence I came (for indeed I was so cover'd all over my Body with Blood, Sweat and Dust, that it was hard to distinguish me from a *Moor* by my Colour): I satisfied him that I was an *Englishman*, whom God had been so merciful to, as last Night to bestow an Opportunity of escaping from a heavy Slavery in *Salle*, and direct me to this blessed Place of Refuge, for whose Preservation and Prosperity, all poor Christians at *Salle* offer up their Prayers, and I particularly held myself oblig'd to do, so long as I liv'd. The courteous charitable Gentleman (whose Name I am sorry I have forgot) congratulated my Deliverance, and told me I was heartily welcome to that Place; and because he saw my Condition required not much Discourse at that instant, he recommended me to the Care of the Physician, who very charitably procur'd me a few Cloaths, and apply'd to me such Things as I had need of; and then committed me to Rest until about Noon, at which time the Governor sent for me to come to him upon one of the Rampiers, to shew me some Horsemen hunting among some Bushes, and he conceited that I was the Game they were in quest of; I accorded with his Opinion, and to confirm him in it, I assur'd him that such a Horse, which I pointed out to him, did belong to *Hamed Lucas*, who was my Patron. The *Moors* were then within Reach of the Guns; the Governor therefore commanded to let fly amongst them, and I, upon my Request, to honour the Departure of my Patron, whom I thought never to have seen more, had the Favour to fire two at him, which, tho' they did no Execution that we could perceive, yet we observ'd the Place was too hot for them, so that they made haste to be gone.

It is hard to be express'd, what a great Satisfaction it was to me, to see my cruel Enemy (whom but 24 Hours before I dreaded as *Indians* do the Devil) flee from me, and endeavour an Escape out of my Reach, with as much Eagerness, as the Night before I did out of his. Tho' I then smarted a little under the Sense of my weary and wounded Body, yet the Thoughts of my Liberty entertain'd me with such pleasant Divertilements, as are not to be conceived by any, but those who are in the Circumstances that I was in, and who can value their present Liberty, (which, together with Health, makes Life itself comfortable, and without which it is but an uneasy Burden)

by a Competition with a hard and grievous Bondage under the profess'd, yea, superstitiously bigottish Enemies of my God, my Religion, and my own Person. Yet when I reflected upon the Weakness of the Garrison, (which that Afternoon I had an Opportunity to survey) which was no bigger in Circumference than the *Tower of London*, the feeble Resistance that 400 dishearten'd half-starv'd sickly *Spaniards* could make against an innumerable Swarm of *Moors*, (who lay about, and in a manner besieg'd them) should they attack them, I must confess, my Fears did a little qualify my Joy, and I could not forbear wishing that my Patron and I were at a greater Distance. All the Night I could hardly rest, for the *Moors* twice alarm'd us, and the Bells about the Walls were sounding every Moment, to keep the Soldiers awake and to their Duty; for should they be remiss for half an Hour only, it had been easy, methought, to surprize the Place, being defended only with a dry Ditch, and pitiful low Walls.

The next Morning early, the Wind presented fair, five *Barca-longa's*, which had brought Provision from *Cadiz*, were returning Home, in one of which I gladly embark'd, bidding adieu to *Mamora*, my Refuge and Place of Deliverance; which since, about two Years ago, (as I heard with Sorrow from *Hamed Lucas* himself) was taken by the *Moors*, after above 100 Years Possession of the *Spaniards*; he declaring, that he was the first Man that enter'd it. We sail'd along the *Barbary-Coast* all the Day, nothing occurring remarkable, save that in the Afternoon, the *Spanish* Seamen acquainted me that we were pursued. It was very strange and surprizing, when I beheld astern of us, an innumerable Quantity of Fish, making after us at full Gallop as it were, leaping above the Water; they quickly overtook us, and so pursued their Journey, without any Concern at our hallooing, as they past very near us on both Sides our Boat: they were not so long as ordinary Cod, but they appear'd much broader; what the Meaning of the Frolick should be, I cannot tell, but the *Spaniards* seem'd more affected with my Amazement, than with that strange Appearance; so that I suppose this was an ordinary Divertment, that that kind of Fish affords upon that Coast.

Upon *Wednesday* Morning, we were got as far as *A-la-Rache*, another Garrison belonging to the *Spaniards*, at the Mouth of a River, at which Time we heard much shooting out at Sea, so that we thought it convenient to put into *Larache*. This is a strong Place, the Walls inclosing a considerable Piece of Ground, where grow abundance of excellent Grapes and rare Fruits. The Town is fortified by two strong Castles, well stor'd with great Ordnance; into one of which we were permitted to ascend, to view a rare Fight at Sea, a very unequal Combat as to Number, yet briskly maintain'd by one *Dutch Man of War* against six *Algerines*, whereof the Admiral and Vice-Admiral were two, and the least was of two and thirty Guns.

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The Fight continued till Noon, when two great Dutch Men, and Van Ghent in the Looking-glass, and another coming up, the Turks thought best to make Sail and stand away; and then luckily ahead of them, as they were weathering Cape Spartil, appeared six English Men of War; Captain Beech was Commander of one. The Algerines being hemm'd in, resolv'd rather to venture thro' the English, and so make their Way into the Streights, than to turn back upon Van Ghent, whose great Guns struck a great Terror into them: so up they went to the English. But Captain Beech with the first Broad-side disabling their Admiral, they altogether tack'd and run ashore in the Bay of Arzilla, where they were all set on Fire, abundance of Christians being reliev'd, and abundance of Turks being kill'd. The Governor of Larache commanded our Barca to go out and bring an Account of the Action, which we did, and return'd again at Night with the News, that the Algerines who were destroy'd were, the Springing Tyger, the Standing Tyger, the Date Tree, the Shepherdess; I have forgot the Names of the rest.

Next Day being Thursday, we set forward for Cadiz, and upon Friday Night we arrived in the Bay. The next Morning I apply'd myself to Mr. Westcomb (since Knighted) then Consul, who treated me not so much according to the Exigency of my Condition, as his own Generosity, inviting me to his own Table daily, during my Stay at Cadiz, which was about a Fortnight. There I saw some of these very Moors Slaves themselves, who made me so; there being fifteen taken aboard the French Prize I formerly mention'd, by the Holmes Frigate, and carried to Cadiz, and there sold: this Accident furnish'd me with a pleasant Opportunity of thinking how the Case was alter'd. About the Middle of September, at Sir Martin Westcomb's Desire, I obtain'd Passage aboard a Dutch Man of War design'd for Saint Ubes, from whence I travell'd by Land to Lisbon, the Place where I embark'd some fourteen or fifteen Weeks before, in that Vessel wherein I was taken. I went to pay my Respects to Dr. Cradock and Mr. Bulteel, who saw me when I was at Lisbon before, and could hardly be induced to believe that I had been a Slave since, unless they had been assured by Mr. Parry, then Agent at Lisbon, to whom I brought a Letter from the Consul at Cadiz, recommending me to his Favour in procuring me a safe Passage for England, and who certify'd him sufficiently of my Escape from Salle to Mamora, seeing I had brought Letters from the Governor of Mamora to the Duke of Veraguas, then Governor of Cadiz, which Mr. Westcomb himself deliver'd up to the Duke.

After my Stay in Lisbon about a Fortnight, Mr. Parry the Agent aforesaid, prevail'd with the Dutch Consul, to grant me Passage for England in a Dutch Man of War (there being no English Ships of any Force

then in the River, and I was very unwilling any more to hazard myself in small Vessels): It was the very same Ship which I saw at Ala-Rache, engag'd with the six Algerines. In the Beginning of November I was brought to the Texel, (having had no Convenience to be removed into any Ship in the Channel, by reason of a great Storm that hurried us over to the Holland Coast:) from Amsterdam I came to the Hague, where hearing that Sir John Chicheley, then Envoy from his Majesty to the Governor of the Spanish Netherlands, was returning instantly for England, I made haste to Brussels, and obtain'd Passage for England amongst his Retinue; so that I return'd to England in November, 1670, and never have been out of his Majesty's Dominions since.

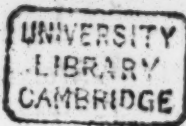
After my Return I immediately went for Oxford, where I fell into the Favour of George Wheeler, Esq; then Gentleman-Commoner of Lincoln College, who was pleas'd to think my indigent Condition a fit Object of his Charity; with whom, and his Father Colonel Charles Wheeler, I lived in Quality of Tutor to his Children, from Christmas, 1670, until May, 1672. During which Time, I received Deacon's Orders from the Bishop of Ely's Hands, and at Christmas following I was Ordained Priest by the Bishop of London. In 1673, William, then Lord Grey of Wark, admitted me to be his Chaplain, with whom I lived until his Death, 1674; after which, being invited by some Promises to Dublin in Ireland, I removed thither, and lived constantly in the City of Dublin, in the Execution of my Ministerial Function, until 1679, when I was call'd into England, upon Occasion of the Law-Suit I have already mentioned.

This is a true Account of my Captivity and Escape, which I appeal to many Thousands, whether or not it agrees exactly with what I have related these twelve Years past, *Hæc meminisse juro*. I cannot indeed disown a Piece of Vanity I have had, in frequently reflecting upon this remarkable Accident of my Life, and such Complacency I have had therein, that I have always freely comply'd with any handsome Invitation to relate it; for there is a great Pleasure in remembring the great Dangers I have past, (Dangers, to evade which, the Salamanca-Doctor would, I believe, have pawn'd all his True-Protestant Expectations, yea, and his Swearing Faculty too, which now, considering the Temptations he is under, I am afraid he'll be damn'd before he'll part with it.) I have indeed heard many discredit the whole Relation as Romantick, but I never heard any tax me of an Oatism, i. e. Inconsistency with myself, as if I told one Story by Candle-light, and a quite different one again in the Day. But now, that Haggi Hamed Lucas (who was my Patron in the Place of my Captivity) has, by a strange Providence, come over to this Country, and before several Persons of Quality and Reputation

tation, attested the Truth of all these Things by me related, which were within the Sphere of his Knowledge; I suppose there will be but little Scruple remaining, to unprejudiced Persons, in the Belief of the above-written Narrative. Supposing it then True, what is there in it, to render me Criminal? Because I am lame, must I be beaten with my own Crutches? Because I have been unfortunate, is it for that I must be miserable? Because I

have made an Escape from a sad Captivity in Barbary, do I therefore deserve to be hang'd here in England? He must be a Devil at making of Plots, as well as discovering them, who can make such Inferences as these pass, who, because, by God's Assistance to my own Endeavours, I have saved my Country the Trouble and Price of my Redemption, will therefore bring me in guilty of Treason against her.

F I N I S.



THE Plate prefix'd to this Piece, was put to the Books that remain'd of the first Edition, after the Trial and Conviction of Dr. Oates for Perjury, Anno 1685: And at the Bottom of the Plate were printed the following Lines, explaining the apt and ingenious Anagram made from the Letters of the Doctor's Name; viz.

T I T U S O A T E S.

A N A G R A M.

T E S T I S O V A T.

Testis ovat falsæ fruitur dum Crimine linguæ,
 Et referens sceleris præmia Testis ovat.
 Testis ovat, plorent liceat tria Regna, doloris
 Author quam sicco lumine Testis ovat.
 Testis ovat, quod Iærna perit, ruit Anglia, vires
 Quod minuit proprias Scotia, Testis ovat.
 Testis ovat lætus magnos disjungere Fratres,
 Et pulso è Patria Castore Testis ovat.
 Testis ovat nocui dum pœna plectitur insons;
 Ebrius innocuo Sanguine Testis ovat.
 Testis ovat; falsæ sed qualis ovatio linguæ;
 Qui quod iniquus, ovat, quam malè Testis ovat.

PAid for his Crimes, the Perjur'd Witness
 And shews what for Rewards his false ^{[swears,}
 Swears till three Kingdoms mourn; whilst o'er ^{[Tongue dares.}
 Our Witness triumphs with relentless Eyes. ^{[the Prize}
 Swears on till Ireland perish, England fall,
 And Scotland, in one common Funeral.
 Swears still, dreadless of Hell, nor fearing
 Till the great T O R K be from his Country ^{[Heaven,}
 Wrong'd Innocence by Perjur'd Witness dies, ^{[driven.}
 Who, drunk with guiltless Blood, still swears
 Then since our Witness has this harden'd Face, ^{[and lyes.}
 Let the false Wretch the Pillory disgrace.

